DECEMBER '02
ISSUE No.20

The Slate

STEAL ME

BUY NOTHING ROB EVERYTHING

2nd DECEMBER 2002

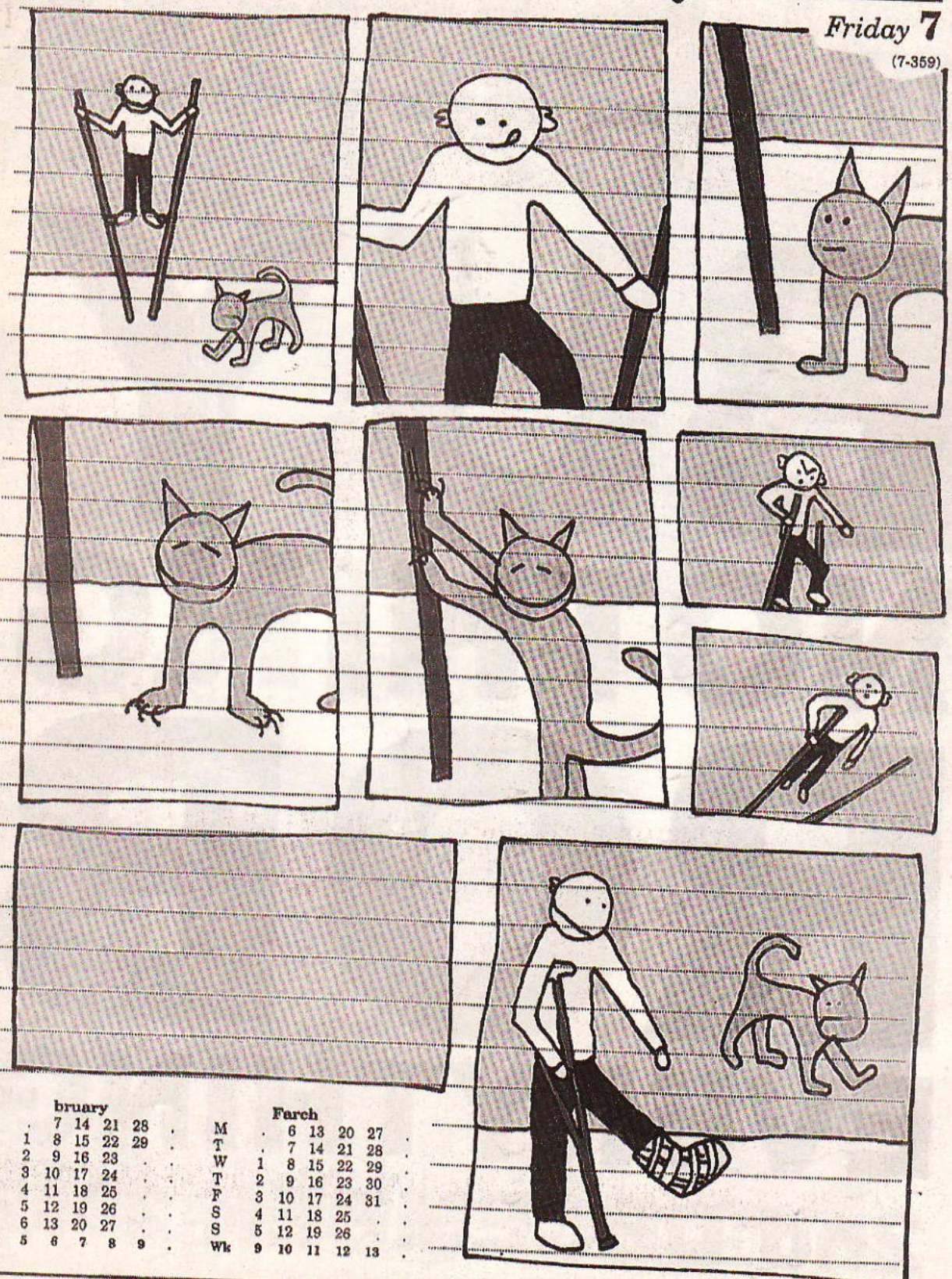
kick the cat

gavin beattie

WEEK 1

Friday 7

(7-359)



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Farch

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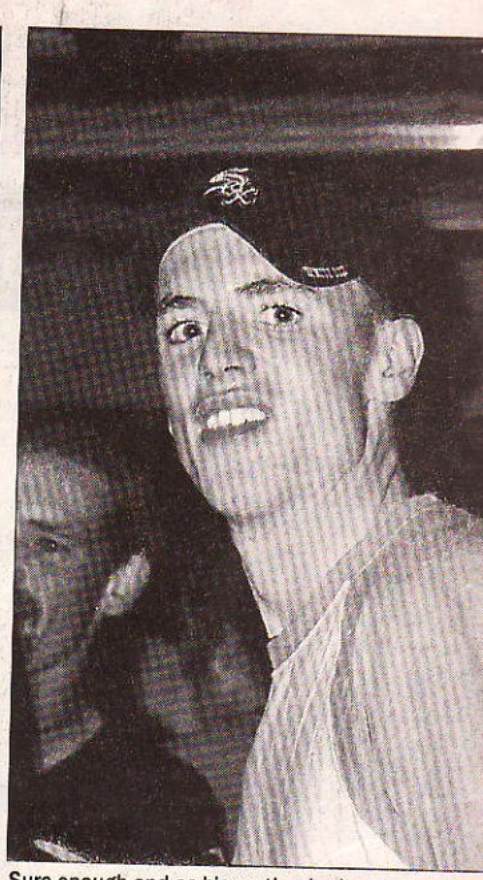
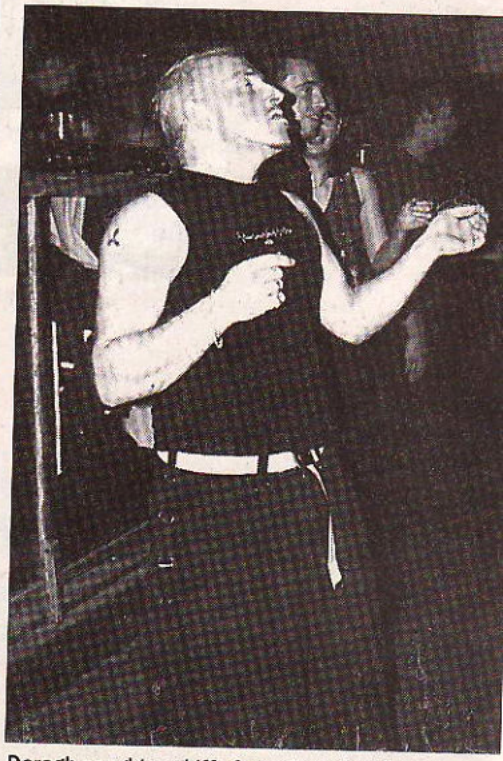
Kick the Cat appears courtesy of Big If Publications who publish Toenail Clippings, the best comic in the world ever, coincidentally, they are also responsible for the best website in the world ever: **www.bigifpublications.com** where Kick the Cat appears on a weekly basis, imagine that. Kick the Cat t-shirts will be available from the website soon, as well as from the usual haunts: Tower, Secret Book & Record Shop, Forbidden Planet...

The lads were taking bets on how many of Derek's body pieces would end up in the canal



Sure enough and as his mother had warned, one day his face just stayed like that.

Youth Defense members are known to like to take communion as a suppository



Daragh caught a whiff of piss from the Gents and he could almost taste the golden stream cascading into his mouth.

Colin smiled nervously as he realised the guy in the corner was looking at him and chewing a glass.

December 2002 Contents

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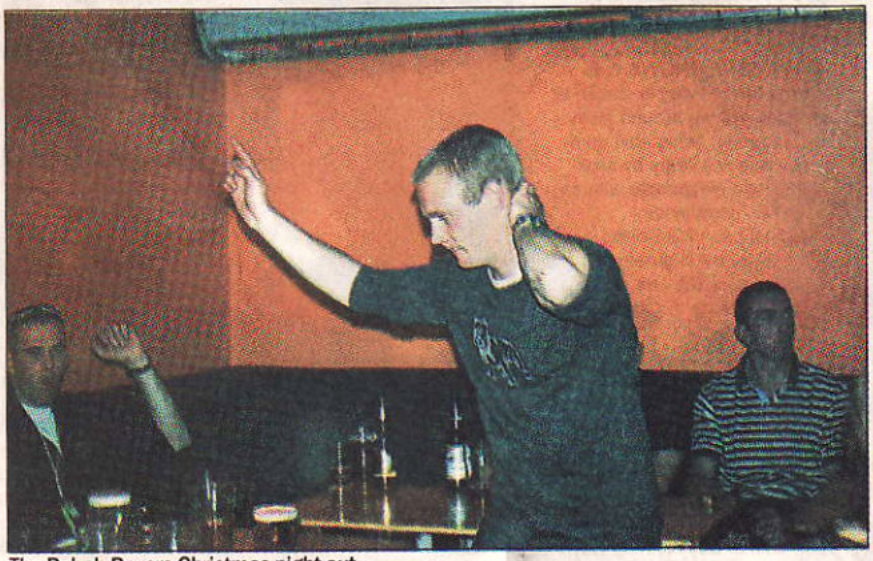

The Rehab Rovers Christmas night out

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In the absence of any real morality, people are trying to get themselves to heaven by shitting all day and drinking beetroot tea

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The Drug Squad have decided that even talking about cannabis (above) is now punishable by death. Check out our worrying news story

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More Garda violence - this time from the history books

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A guide to music shows that aren't complete chart whores

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Profile of the most pointless person in Dublin

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Get Ireland's most amazing mag delivered straight into your letter box every month. Handy for you, and perfect for any mates who are off in nicer countries having a better time than us. Prices for 12 issues - Ireland: €20, Europe: €25 and the rest of the World: €30

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Give us a phone number or email address so we can get in touch with you if anything goes wrong. Send this and a cheque or a postal order to The Slate, PO Box 8907, Dublin 2. Email admin@theslate.ie for further info.

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WELL SUITED

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Email: info@blacktie.ie
www.blacktie.ie

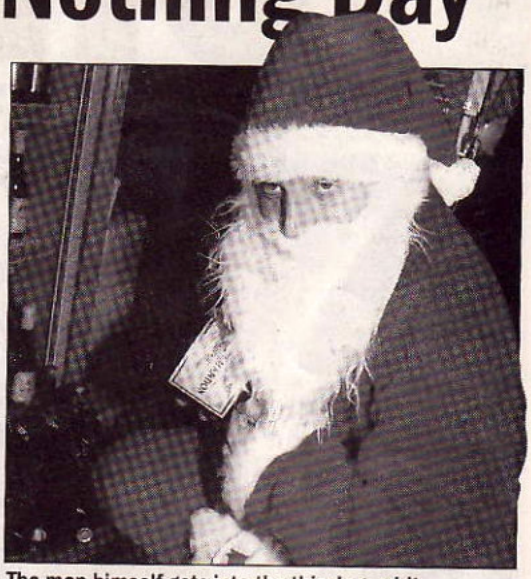
Where do broken tarts go?

Whitney for Dublin

Whitney Houston is apparently due to play a gig in the Point Depot some time next April or May. However, nobody has explained how the coke-riddled diva is going to stand up to the rigours of a full-on world tour, seeing as she can't even seem to make it to the recording studio without getting arrested on the way. If she does turn up, we can all look forward to an evening of Whitters forgetting the words to her songs, throwing tantrums at the band, and desperately trying to stem the flow of powdery snot running down either side of her charred septum.

It's Pay Nothing Day

ROB ALL YOUR PRESENTS FOR FREE ON THIS BRILLIANT NEW FEAST DAY



The man himself gets into the thieving spirit

EVERYONE KNOWS that half the fun of living in Dublin is got from walking around town like a zombie, being sold completely useless items by slick-looking salespeople with as much morality as Slobodan Milosevic.

But now a great spirit of self-sacrifice has broken out across the nation, with fabulous Ireland holding not one, but two Buy Nothing Days to celebrate how shit and expensive our country is. The first one will probably already have passed by the time you are reading this. Held on 30 November, it was part of an international Buy Nothing Day which is arranged by various lefty groups to protest against the fact that we Westerners are fucking up the world for everyone else.

The other one, on Monday 2 December, is only taking place in Ireland. Naturally enough, it is a far more practical-minded affair which leaves the rest of the world to worry about their own problems while we have a gripe about important matters like the price of a pint, and how a packet of Sam Spudz costs 1.5% more since the euro came in.

Anyway, the most important thing for readers of The Slate to remember is that these days provide a prime opportunity to put on the stealing gloves and get all your Christmas presents in the bag with almost a month to go before the big day.

The Gardai will no doubt take their usual approach to this kind of subversive carry-on, by patrolling the city centre and baton-charging people who look like they aren't buying anything. And, while the Boys in Blue have their fun and then spend the evening contracting temporary blindness and concocting elaborate cover-up stories, you can load up on as much free merchandise as you feel you need.

One word of advice: if you do get caught, it is perfectly plausible to claim that you thought Buy Nothing Day was a government-sponsored event during which it was illegal not to take goods for free.

DONEGAL GARDAI GLOSSARY

THIS SHOULD HELP YOU KEEP TRACK OF GOINGS ON UP AT THE MORRIS TRIBUNAL

We felt that there were sufficient grounds for arresting the suspect - We knew he had nothing to do with the case, but he had insulted Garda O'Shea's wife a few years back.

Keeping an eye on things down at the McBrearty nightclub - shutting the place down and arresting all the staff for no reason a couple of times a week.

I used the valuable resources of teamwork and co-operation with other members of the force - I asked your woman what she thought of my signature forgeries

Work of a "security and intelligence" nature - meeting informants for booze and sex sessions and helping terrorists blow up public buildings.

I immediately alerted another Garda to come into the interview room and witness that the suspect was beating himself up - I called for backup so that we could really bate the head off him.

We questioned him about his movements on the night of Mr. Barron's death - We told the fucker he was going down for life.

CCTV cameras that were intended for the interrogation cells - an essential part of Garda and Mrs. Murphy's home porno kit

December Dates for your diary

Mon 2nd

Britney Spears is 21, and embracing an exciting new rock orientated career. Send her some dead cats in the post: The Official Britney Spears International Fan Club CS 9712 Bellingham WA USA 98227

Thurs 5th - Sat 7th

The Collins Cup takes place in Riverview Tennis Club. Turning out for this lesbians on steroids event will be Anna Kournikova, The Williams sisters, Monica Seles, Jennifer Capriati and a host of others.

BONGS AWAY

LEGAL BEHAVIOUR HAS BEEN BANNED BY THE DRUG SQUAD

THERE WAS panic in the Dublin Goth world last month, when all the bongs suddenly disappeared out of Asha. For anyone who grew up in rural Ireland or Foxrock, Asha has long been the store of choice for our city's black-clad youth. Situated at the top of the Stephen's Green Centre, it specialises in pictures of dead people, plenty of drugs paraphernalia, and other accessories for the miserable adolescent.

But none of this was to the liking of some middle-aged bint who wandered past the shop with her 12-year-old child in tow about a month ago. She was horrified to find herself and the young man in a dangerous jungle of cannabis leaf pictures and drug-taking equipment. Unfortunately, the old cow then turned around and the next thing she saw was a t-shirt with Sid Vicious sticking a heroin needle into himself on the front of it.

This fuming female immediately wrote a letter to Asha and, after she was rightly ignored by everyone in there, wrote to EURAD, some anti-drugs group run by bored housewives (www.eurad.net). Next thing you know, the Drugs Squad are charging in to Asha and demanding that all pipes and bongs be taken off the shelves if they have a cannabis leaf on them. These DS dickheads also demanded that Asha remove weighing scales from display - despite the fact that all of this shit is perfectly legal.

At this point, it should be noted that the Drug Squad have better things to do than just make sure the laws they enforce actually exist. These brave men and women also have to take into account the fact that if any child walked by and saw those hash leaves in the window, they would surely be out raping grannies for crack money by the end of the week.

The owner of Asha went around to other shops (such as HMV and River Island) where he bought CDs and socks with the offensive leaf on them. However, when he asked the DS if they were going to raid these shops too, the cunts (rather unsurprisingly) completely ignored him.

JOIN OUR MAILING LIST

Every week or so we mail people ideas we're thinking about putting in the magazine and they get back with suggestions etc. Anybody can join, so get your gees in action by sending an email to editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as subject.

Gaybo and Ronan get it up the Browne

After the shock of Daniel O'Donnell getting married last month, Ireland's grannies will be dying of hernias all over the place when a Christmas video comes out featuring Gay Byrne swearing like fuck and flying around Dublin on a pushbike. Graybo stars as a bicycle courrier in Brendan O'Carroll's new Mrs. Browne's boys video, which also features Ronan Keatin as a taxi driver - a suitable profession in which annoying the shit out of people is seen as part of the job.

Slide into Shite

THIS MONTH: EDDIE IRVINE

1993 - 'Fast' Eddie starts his Formula 1 career with the suitably slow Jordan team - owned by fellow Irish moron Eddie Jordan.

1995 - Irvine is hired by Ferrari and his job is to be professional asswiper to Michael Schumacher, a real driver from Germany. This status is confirmed by Fast Eddie's contract, which states that he has to let Schumacher pass him out whenever the boring Kraut feels like it.

October 1999 - Eddie joins newcomers Jaguar on a three year deal which turns out to be a complete disaster. Irvine is given one shit car after another to drive and this, combined with his natural stupidity and motoring skills that would get him thrown off most roads in Ireland, mean that he finishes last in almost every race.

2000
'Irv the Swerv' is in fanny heaven after being deemed tacky enough to judge the Miss World contest. However it all turns sour when he makes some completely inappropriate comments to fiery Miss Ireland, Emir Holohan Doyle, who gives him the slaps and publicly reveals that Eddie is an asshole

November 2002 - "I cannot thank Eddie enough for his hard-work and commitment," says Jaguar team boss Niki Lauda as he announces that Irvine is being fired.

Illustrations by Brendan Phelan

Sun 8th ... Lots of shit happening

This is when the Millennium Spike is meant to be going up. The end of Dublin as we know it.

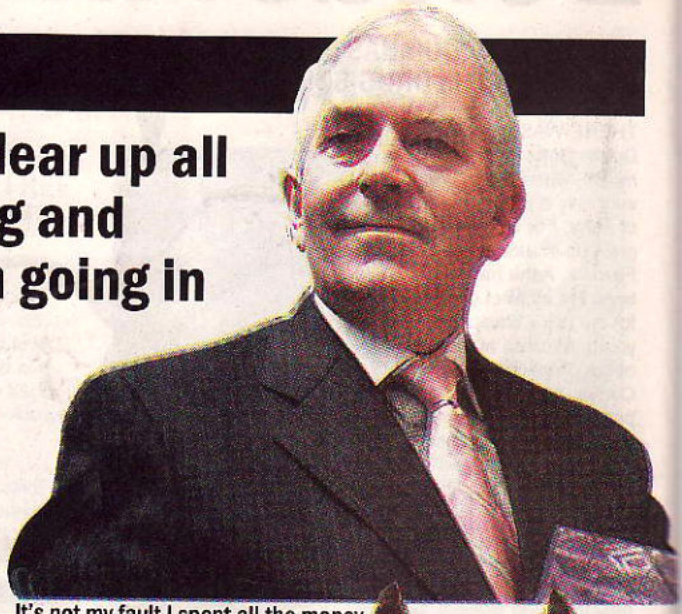
The Grassroots Gathering (a group of lefties who hang around Shannon Airport keeping count of how many yanky military airplanes land there) are having a protest March at the Limerick stopover.

Sun 8th Contd

Culchies celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception by coming up to Dublin and wrecking the place as they try to go shopping

BUDGET SPECIAL 2002

Charlie McCreevy here to clear up all the misrepresentation, lying and exaggerating that has been going in the wake of my sensible budget announcements



It's not my fault I spent all the money

As everyone knows, we warned you all before the general election that despite the unprecedented economic growth in the last five years, all the money has run out and now we have to do a little bit of belt tightening. This should be painless enough, as long as everybody agrees not to go on strike or complain too much. If that happens, we face ten years of absolute misery for which somebody else, not me, is entirely to blame.

1. No more roads.

We can't afford them. While a few essential and in-demand thoroughfares will be going ahead - such as the one leading from my house to the airport - no more are planned, and roadworks such as those on Harcourt St. will have to be abandoned and left as they are. Motorists and cyclists will be asked not to use the streets unless Sellafield explodes.

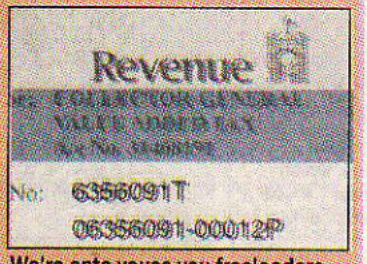
Look at this highway - a beauty

2. Tax on the dole

This unfortunate but necessary measure will be introduced with immediate effect, and upon collecting their cheque all unemployed people will be asked to voluntarily give half of it back in order to cover the costs of powering the government jet. Anybody who fails to find a job within 2 weeks will no longer be eligible to live in the country and will be shipped out along with the refugees.

3. Refugees will help us out

A new strict policy will be taken on asylum seekers - none will be allowed to enter the country unless they are willing to work for free and live in Darndale. Furthermore, even though they are not earning any money they'll have to pay taxes like everybody else - otherwise there'd be uproar.



We're onto youse you freeloaders

Summary

There will still be those who claim that I have not taken advantage of the Celtic Tiger (which was all down to this great government anyway) and let a good opportunity go to waste. To these pinko moaners I say: take a look at all the wonderful half-finished road works, the unstarted football stadiums, and the planned revamp of the Health Service which we will never be able to afford. Well if that's not progress, I'll eat my wife's hat at next year's Galway Races.

Mrs McCreevy at the races

POSTCARD

Postage Paid

Dear Gordon,

I want to booze at all hours of the day and night.

Thank you

_____

Mr Gordon Holmes,
The Chairman on
The Commission for
Liquor Licensing,
Clifton Mews,
Fitzwilliam St. Lower,
Dublin 2

ATTENTION READERS! The Commision on Liquor Licensing is currently taking submissions from the public about how late pubs and clubs should be allowed serve alcohol. Cut out the postcard above and send it to the chairman - don't bother with a stamp - and with any luck we'll all be legally drunk 24/7.

Thurs 12th - Sun 15th

The Coastal Beats Weekender, Limerick. A mini dance festival taking place in venues and pubs in Limerick city, featuring Irish DJs such as Billy Scurry, Aoife Ni Canna, Aran Mc Mahon and others. Check out coastalbeats.com for more info.

Wed 26th

Funderland - Middle class kids getting chased off the rides by their poorer counterparts, teenagers throwing coins off the big wheel, and Dutch people on speed screaming at everyone over the PA system. Heaven on earth.

Wed 26th

Dec 26th: The Leopardstown races take place. Lots of hungover D4 types throwing money at each other and missing the races because it takes fucking five hours to queue for a pint of Heino.

Other Dublins

Welcome to the Slate's marvellous and informative series where we profile another city in a different part of the world which is also called Dublin. This month, it's Dublin Ohio ...

History

After the local Indians had been exterminated, this part of Ohio was quickly civilized by its rightful white owners, and some plague-ridden Irish emigrant called John Shields was given the job of naming it. He responded by pompously announcing: "With the brightness of the morn, and the beaming of the sun on the hills and dales surrounding this beautiful valley, it would give me great pleasure to name your new town after my birthplace, Dublin, Ireland." And the world was given yet another shithole with the same moniker as our Liffeyside lavatory.

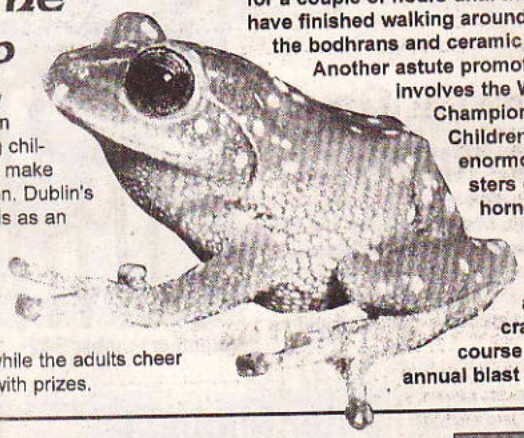
Indians trying to get back into Dublin

Links to mother Eire

One of Dublin, Ohio's proudest organisations is the Daughters of Erin, who are "American by birth, Irish by the grace of God!"
As the Daughters' website itself says, they have "devoted unselfishly of their time and money by holding semiannual yard sales, raffles" and all sorts of other annoying fundraising events. Once they are armed with money from these activities, the Daughters go around town at Christmas, Thanksgiving, etc. trying to bribe poor people into giving up drink, drugs, wife-beating and any other enjoyable pastimes they have developed to relieve the misery of their existence. Unsurprisingly, these pioneering bitches have chosen another holy battleaxe, Saint Brigid, as their patron saint. "The cross that you see throughout our pages is the St. Brigid's cross. It was used to convert pagans to Christianity."

Important Events - The Frog Jump

The Ohio Dubliners are very proud of this annual event, in which 'Frog Jockeys' (young children) come along and try to make frogs jump as far as they can. Dublin's official website describes this as an "array of athleticism," but it is in fact a full-on endorsement for any sadist kids in the area to come and throw frightened amphibians at each other while the adults cheer them on and reward them with prizes.

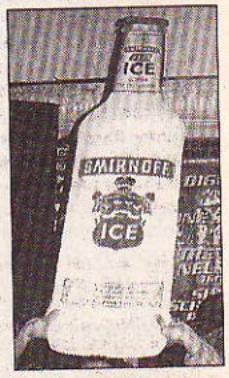


Other notable features

Dublin, Ohio has developed a special relationship with the Wendy's fast food chain. These purveyors of sorrow and ill health seem to have been given carte blanche to turn the local children into fat indolent fuckers who will sit in front of the Playstation all day and generally behave like placid morons. The pathway to these children's imaginations has been smoothed by a couple of well-chosen sponsorship deals. One of these is at the great annual Dublin Irish Festival, where Wendy's - those proud promoters of Gaelic culture - have been given the running of the Wendy's Wee Folk Area. Once inside, the kids presumably have burgers and milkshakes forced down their throats for a couple of hours until their parents have finished walking around admiring the bodhrans and ceramic leprechauns. Another astute promotional deal involves the Wendy's Golf Championship for Children, when the enormous youngsters get shoehorned into some tartan clothing and sent out walking around a crazy golf course for their annual blast of fresh air.

MARKETING CORNER - Smirnoff in far out new campaign

CONGRATS TO Smirnoff Ice who have moved out of the clubbing scene and seemingly taken to sponsoring child sex acts instead. A brave move indeed, and one which certainly raised product awareness when sex fiend Patrick Murphy got done for videotaping his randy romps with underage kids last month.
Murphy had won the trust of an elderly couple and generously offered to babysit for their grandkids when they were really stuck. However, once the oldies had gone off on their romantic date, out came eight bottles of Ireland's favourite alco-pop. These were handed over to a 13-year-old and the underage action kicked off. The Star were obviously brought in as media partners on this radical marketing exercise, and the tabloid blitzed pictures of Smirnoff Ice bottles and mentions of the drink all over their front page coverage of the case.
After years of trying to pitch their vile product at stupid clubbers in their late teens, the Smirnoff brand boffins have obviously decided to try and hook kids from an earlier age. And who better to do employ as agents in this scheme than paedophiles - experts at wangling their way into younsters' affections and then exploiting their naivety. Bravo Smirnoff.



Sex in a bottle

SNUFF COULD SA

Tired of all those boring ads about people getting killed in traffic accidents? What's needed is a hard-hitting campaign in which the most offensive Irish celebrities are seen dying horrific deaths on our roads

Scenario 1: Michael Flatley & Colin Farrell

Michael Flatley is giving an impromptu display of his dancing ability in the middle of O'Connell St, when Colin Farrell comes steaming down our main thoroughfare in a tank he has stolen from the army barracks. Farrell is completely drunk and high on coke, but he sees Flatley just in time and swerves into him causing instant death. This sudden movement means that Colon loses control, though, and he crashes into the Millennium spike. The tank explodes, hurling the Castlenock superstar miles into the air, and causing the whole of O'Connell St. to go up in flames as Farrell is impaled at the top of the spike on his way back down. There is a disappointed mob below who have been chasing Farrell around trying to beat him to death, but everyone else agrees that this sequence was an exquisite spectacle, unlike the great man's films.

Moral of the advert: It's always worth dying if you take the Lord of the Dance down with you

Volunteer number 342

Scenario 3: Gavin Lambe Murphy

Gavin is hung upside down off a railing in Stephen's Green while passers-by are given free booze in return for driving their cars into him at top speed.

Moral of the ad: Don't pretend to be addicted to drugs just so you can get on the telly.

Mine's a Screwdriver

Scenario 2: Lorraine Keane

Glamorous TV3 star Lorraine Keane comes out of the Morrisson at around midnight after an evening spent cajoling free cocktails out of thick yuppie men. But poor Lorraine is so drunk she forgets to take off her sunglasses before jumping into her convertible, and drives straight into the Liffey. A small crowd gathers around for a while and cheers, but they are horrified to see that the reporter's body has dissolved into a powder which forms the face of Osama bin Laden on top of the radiocactive waters.

Moral of the advert: Lorraine Keane is an evil idiot.

Scenario 4. Boyband spas

Shane getting ready for action

Stephen Gately comes dancing out of Lillies' with Mark from Westlife, but the romantic music in their heads (Why Me by Johnny Logan) is suddenly drowned out when Shane Lynch comes flying up Grafton St., injecting himself with heroin behind the wheel of a Formula 1 car. Shane slams into the two lads, killing them instantly, and then swerves off into the front window of Brown Thomas where he dies in a pile of Burberry and blood.

Moral of the advert: Don't get involved in a boyband with an untalented psycopath

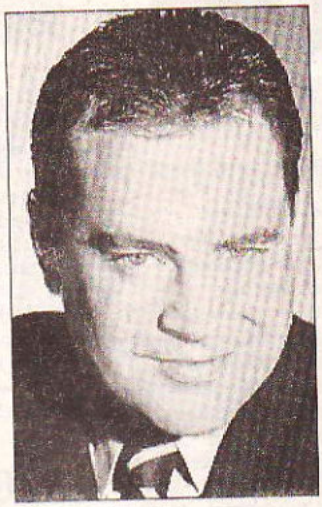
Exclusive: Minister Micheal Martin's Health Message

WE HAVE pumped huge amounts of money into the health system over the last few years, but the hospitals still seem to be under a lot of pressure. This has nothing got to do with bad planning, though. It is simply because too many people are admitting themselves to hospital when they are not actually sick. This country is full of hypochondriacs whingeing and claiming they need liver transplants, have cancer or caught hepatitis B off the BTSB. The government calls on such citizens to act responsibly in these tricky times, and save us having us to pay for you to die at unnecessary expense in a hospital. If you must die, please do so at home and have your relatives bury you out the back with the family pets.

Even I go to normal hospitals every now and then

VE LIVES

Scenario 5. Newsreader Alan Cantwell



Get after her Alan

Alan is the smarmy nob who presents the news on TV3. The ad starts with an emotional David Gray song playing, as tacky Alan staggers out of Renards in undignified pursuit of a young work experience girl. She jumps on her bicycle and cycles off screaming for help. But Alan, a determined man, hops into his gigantic Merc and speeds after her, waving a bottle of champagne out the window and slobbering all over the dashboard. Unfortunately, the demon drink has affected his eyesight and, instead of pulling up smoothly alongside the young lady, Alan flies into a wall, is catapulted through the front windscreen and splatters both himself and the young lady all over a nearby postbox.

Moral of the ad: Always wear your seatbelt - even if you are involved in a lecherous drunk driving chase across town

What the Jaysus does our Lord Mayor do?

Hard at work

Do you have a clue who the Lord Mayor of Dublin is? Did you even know we have a Lord Mayor? Or are you a foreigner who didn't understand any of the words you just read? Either way, there is no doubt that the position of Dublin Boss is a complete joke, which serves only to underline our national talent for political midgetry of the highest order. Here's a bit more info on it:

HISTORY

THE POSITION of Lord Mayor was imposed on us by the poisonous Brits back in 1666. Obviously, it was a direct copy of whatever half-arsed system they had over in their own cities, with about as much concern given for local nuances as you would expect from our colonial whipmasters. Initially, it was a reasonably popular move, as tales of peasant-turned-ruler Dick Whittington seeped through to the dim-witted Irish population, and a faint hope arose that this new Lord Mayor position could herald in an era of equal opportunities.

But this was soon revealed to be an inaccurate reading of the situation as one fat toff after another rolled into office and spent a year admiring the cut of himself in an ermine gown, gold chain and stupid pointy hat.

The position of Lord Mayor reached its glorious zenith in the early-90s, when thousands of young kids crammed into the Mansion House and got themselves fucked up on E. It is unsure if the Lord Mayors themselves took a direct hand in running these raves, but they certainly did a lot to spread the gospel of local government amongst the common people. Once the press found out though, these events were shut down by the Gardai, and the Lord Mayors returned to the normal routine of doing absolutely nothing and still managing to fuck it up.

THREE FAMOUS DUBLIN LORD MAYORS*

- *Joe Doyle (1998-1999)*
- *John Stafford (1997-1998)*
- *Brendan Lynch (1996-1997)*

*This is not a piss-take. These people all actually exist.

DUTIES

EVERYONE KNOWS that with power comes responsibility, and thankfully our dipstick Lord Mayors have very little of either. Opening crèches and turning up at the horse show or Bloomsday to get drunk for free is about as far as it goes for the most part. In theory, the Lord Mayor gets to preside over a couple of meetings each year, but in reality all the power rests with the City Manager John Fitzgerald - a shady bureaucrat who makes things happens behind the scenes, where telling the public what you are up to is seen as an unnecessary inconvenience.

Compare this to the magnificent authority wielded by mayors in other cities. As New York boss man, Rudolph Giuliani took full control of his jurisdiction, and was known to shoot people dead on the spot if he saw them breaking the law. Then there is London's Ken Livingstone who goes head to head with Tony Blair on a daily basis, and is free to beat up any women or liberals that start spouting lesbian claptrap at him.

CHOOSING A LORD MAYOR

THE GREAT mayors mentioned above were all chosen directly by the people who they would be ruling over - rather than a backroom clique of cigar-smoking political scumbags (i.e. the County Councilors who choose our city chief). In Dublin, the Lord Mayor selectorial process is a complicated system of cynical voting pacts, long boozy lunches, and promises to wildly abuse the planning permission process. This has to end soon.

SOMEONE TO SPEAK FOR US

IT IS clear that Dublin people are different to the gobshites who populate the rest of Ireland. And yet we are forced to follow rules which have been made with our less intelligent country counterparts in mind. A trailblazing Lord Mayor could insist that Dubliners get to live according to a new code of law that reflects our superior abilities. Not only that, but he could also be out there on the international stage fighting for investment into Dublin and making sure that we are involved in as many pie-in-the-sky bids to host international sports tournaments as possible.

Enema at

WITH THEIR completely abnormal lifestyles, it is no surprise that famous people are often asked in interviews to teach the rest of us the wisdom of their ways. Staying healthy, young and stylish is a complicated and sometimes expensive procedure, as we all know. But the latest fad, detoxing, is happily within reach of even us stupid commoners who would like to slim down, but don't have the cash for a proper cocaine habit or the discipline for full-blown anorexia.

The Detox craze has made it fashionable to only eat the vilest foods available, and then shit them out of you as fast as possible

The detox is a very spiritual experience, in which you purge not just your body, but your soul of all its impurities. Remember the bible, when Christ went into the desert and didn't eat or drink for forty days and forty nights. After all of that, he was an incredibly spiritual person, and, if you look at the pictures of him on the cross, had cheekbones and ribs to die for.

That's like detoxing - self-denial, a bit of pain, and occasionally what would seem like conclusive signs that you have permanently fucked yourself up - but once you make it through this cathartic experience, you should find yourself on a new plane of physical and soulful purity.

Techniques

The following are some of the medically dubious treatments that you may want to partake of to achieve that celebrity skeleton look:

1. Simple Diet Modifications

This delightful regime can be done at home, at no extra inconvenience other than watching all the food you actually like rotting to bits in the fridge. Purify your body by subsisting entirely on beetroot juice, prunes, brown rice, seaweed, water and a couple of other tasty treats for a week or so. Although real doctors tell you that only your kidneys can get rid of toxins, this regime will apparently have them flooding out of your system. One good reason to go on a detox diet is if you are starting a job with some nazi organisation and have to get yourself in the clear for a drug test (check out www.detoxstore.com for more info on this).

Carol Vorderman, detox addict

2. Wrap yourself in Seaweed

It is well known that seaweed cures every ailment that can afflict mankind. So if you are feeling a bit sluggish after eating Chicken McNuggets every day for the last month, you'd better sort yourself out with a Thalgo MMA body wrap. This involves getting completely covered in seaweed, a process which magically fixes everything wrong inside you. The blinding headache you get afterward proves that it's working, apparently.

Seaweed: Food for the gods

3. Raw food

For the ultimate back to basics detox experience, pay a visit to the RAW cult in New York, whose members eat only uncooked food because "the original diet of homo-sapiens MUST have been vegetables, fruits, and nuts!" Fire, of course, is an evil 20th century corporate creation. These Raw people have their own restaurant, where they lamely try to convince customers that a lettuce and carrot smoothie tastes 'just like a chocolate milkshake!' and ice cream is nothing but 'pus and mucus'. Some practitioners even inflict this regime on their helpless dogs, and force them to eat avocados. The side effects of eating only raw food are such easily disregarded trifles as bad breath, acne, chronic body odour, loss of sex drive and emaciation.

4. Colonic Irrigation

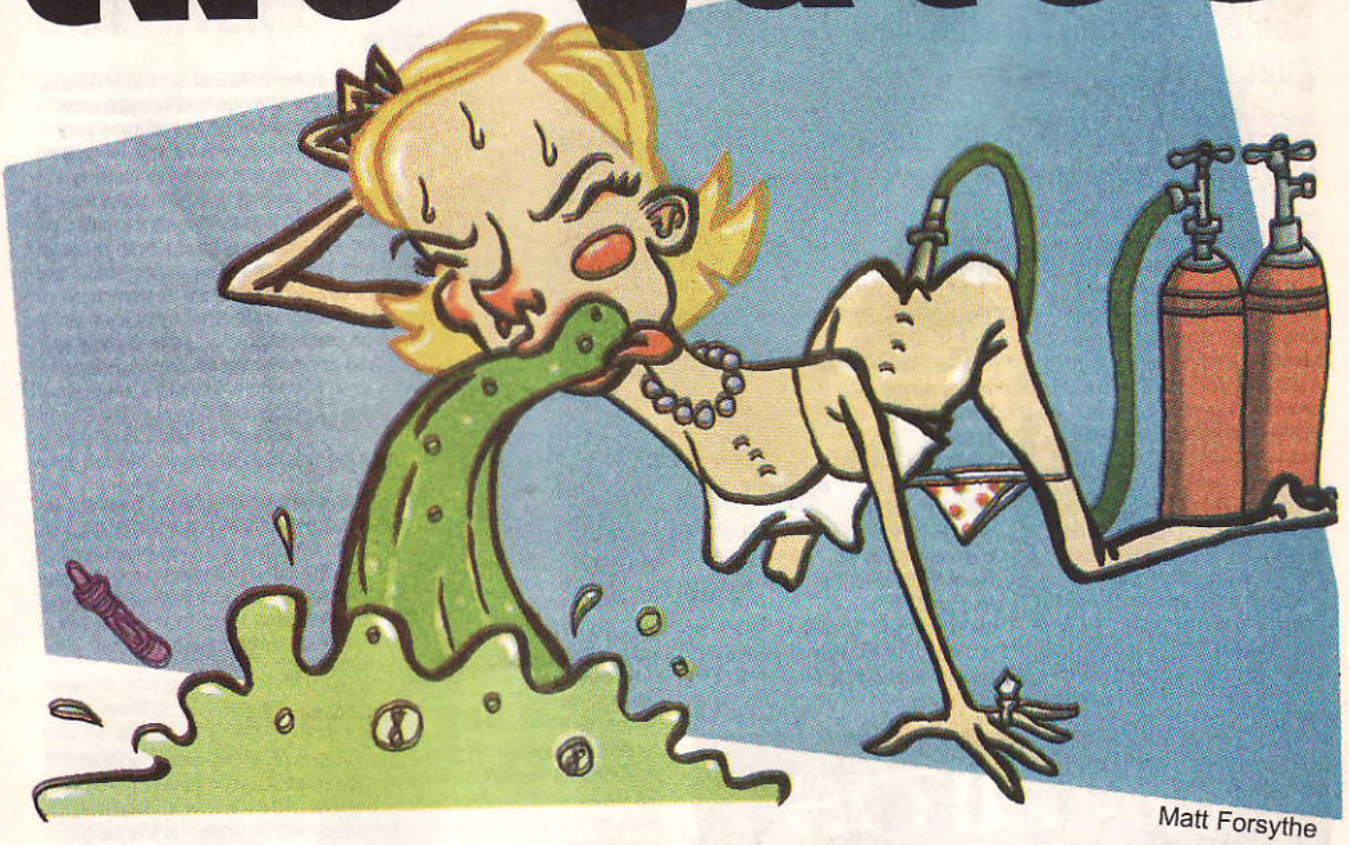
This pleasant operation is the foundation stone on which the whole detox philosophy is built. It involves having jets of water, often cut with a soothing substance like coffee, vinegar, pepper or garlic, fired up your rectum to flush out all the manky rubbish that has gathered in your colon since you were born. For complete lunatics, they even have colonic irrigation boot camps, disguised as health farms, which people pay an absolute fortune to attend. They ship you out to the Far East where you are starved almost to death and taught how to give yourself an enema every couple of hours for two weeks. All kinds of demented stuff is produced out of patients' colons, and they obsessively chat with each other about shitting out pieces of undigested meat, yard-long bits of string, fatty chunks, and even marbles and crayons swallowed as children. This treatment is popular with intellectual heavyweights like Fergie.

Typical detox candidates

1. Lame Yuppies

Among the commoners, the 'spiritual' type is most likely to fall for this kind of thing. The kind of person who has a hazy personal philosophy that is part Feng Shui, part horoscopes, part Buddhism and part a few other things they saw on Oprah, will also be quite amenable to eating only raw garlic and cabbage soup for a week or letting someone stick a hose up their hole.

the gates



Matt Forsythe

2. Teenage Girls

Adopting an awkward fad diet is a good way for teenagers to get their mothers worked up. If done properly, the kind of eating behaviour that gets Gwyneth Paltrow on the cover of Vogue will almost certainly land you in a psychiatric ward.

3. Celebrities

Paragons of stable behaviour like Madonna, Michael Jackson and Geri Haliwell (above) are big fans of detoxing, as are celebrity superbabes like Vanessa Feltz and Carol Vorderman. There is also now a rapid detox for celebrity heroin addicts. Rather than having to go through cold turkey like some kind of knacker junkie, the addict is anaesthetized and their bowels are drained, after which they just sleep it off like a hangover.

4. Journalists

Where celebrities go, journalists scamper behind like stupid Labradors, and this fad is no exception. Every major paper has sent one of its employees to a health farm to write about these detox programs, and most of them seem more than delighted to write long articles about their shits.

Dangers!

Apart from the possibility of severely undernourishing yourself or causing your body to have an allergic reaction during detox, you should also beware of the following:

Colonic Irrigation Backfires
One reporter who went to a health farm described a woman who misunderstood the concept of enemas and neglected to let the water back out again, which caused her to swell up like a Buddha.

Death by Boredom
If you become heavily involved in this kind of thing, you will have to listen to very dull people talking about their bowels. Also beware of falling asleep in your flotation tank and drowning in four inches of smelly water.

Chronic Smugness
A common theme running through many of these health philosophies is that you are somehow a better person if you annoy all your friends by starting a wacky diet and giving up booze. Remember you are cleaning your hole not cleansing your soul.

Products you can buy

Every health craze conveniently has a bunch of high-priced products attached, and detoxing requires that you buy all kinds of hippy vitamins and 'complexes', such as the appealing-sounding 'nux vomica'.

Liver Flush Drink
Not content with torturing your ring for weeks on end, colonic irrigation health farms insist that you drink this liver cleanser for two weeks before showing up. It's a mix of olive oil, raw garlic, orange juice and cayenne pepper, which apparently makes you smell like a camel.

Crazy Books
Jane Alexander, author of The Detox Plan: Clearing Your Body, Mind and Emotions, claims that toxins are all around us as well as wedged up our arses. "You may have to knock down walls (poisonous wall insulation) or throw out your new sofa (virulent fabric protector)." These gurus will not be satisfied until everyone is squatting in ditches eating handfuls of dock leaves.

Getting In Gear for New Year

Come to our party Mecca, where you are guaranteed to have the time of your life

BACK IN the days of eating other people, worshipping the sun and avoiding dinosaurs on the way to the watering hole, humans could be forgiven for their ignorant excitement at the passing of the seasons. But in this modern era, the Western world is better informed and knows that existence is completely futile and that the only important things are perverts and paedophiles, what Michael Jackson does with his children and who has the biggest tits in the world. A pagan feast such as NYE should be low on our list of priorities. And in most places around the globe, it is an appropriately disappointing affair, marked by the odd second-rate firework and mass-depression.

Yet here in Ireland, the land of scholars and saints, it is something special - and anybody who is lucky enough to have been in Baile Atha Cliath on the night of December 31 will testify to this. Our superb, gay streets fill up with fat women in white leather miniskirts pissing down alleys, their men spitting at the Chinese staff in Spar, and nightclubs charging the price of a piece of Waterford Crystal in at the door.

And The Slate is at hand to make this night even better for you, the lucky reader. Consider the following options, and count yourself lucky that you're in the only country where people celebrate this feast in true style.

Michael - Important

Leave the city

Why not rent a dismal bungalow on some unfarmable stretch of land down the country which even during the summer is less habitable than a badger's set? Spend the couple of days you have down there trying to keep warm by sitting in a car with the engine running, or staying in your sleeping bag and taking ecstasy. Should you venture outdoors, with luck you will only be set upon by dogs and cats, and not a gang of local vigilantes out hunting for paedophiles and drug users. The night itself will be distinguished by people going to bed early with the flu or pneumonia.

Have a dinner party

Irish people are never short of a word to say, being quick of wit, yet unfailingly courteous. You can be sure that everyone present will have the table manners of a pig rooting through an overturned bin, that when Roy Keane's name is mentioned at least four fights will break out simultaneously, and come midnight everyone will have turned into a raving drunken Nazi.

Stay in and watch TV

Even television on NYE is great. While most of the time it is little more than a medium for devious advertisers to find new ways of luring viewers into buying useless crap, at this time of year classic films such as the entire Indiana Jones series will be shown to the delight of the nation.

The Millenium Spike

Stand around and gaze in awe at this new symbol of our great city, while tracksuited pickpockets rifle through your belongings. This will allow you to experience the full range of our famous hospitality as you spend the rest of the evening trying to borrow money from unfriendly Irish people.

The Liffey Swim

This slightly different version of our famous summer attraction will involve Gardai throwing anyone who commits a public order offence over the side of the new Millennium bridge.

Ryanair flights

This should get you there, hopefully

Has that been enough to make you want to join us for this special carnival of merriment? If so, Ryanair are offering a superb service at the most competitive rate. They'll fly you from any capital city in Europe to within walking distance of Dublin* for only 7000 euro. The flight will take eighty hours as it will be stopping in Australia and Afghanistan on the way, and each passenger will have to fly the plane for half an hour each. A special inflight tax free service will be available on the return journey, where all travellers will be obliged to buy a barrel of Bailey's Irish Cream as a gift from Ireland.

*Achill Island

BE A GREAT GIFT GIVER

IT'S COMING up to that time of year again (Santa's birthday) when people are judged on the originality and expense of the presents they buy for their friends. In our city of chic boutiques and buy-it-all bazaars, there is a bewildering array of items to choose from as you dash around town with your shopping list. But watch out! A lot of these consumer products are completely unfashionable and will cause serious embarassment if you give them to anyone who knows anything about life at the top.
That's why we here at The Slate have put together a little Christmas shopping guide that's guaranteed to put you in the know this Noel.

His days at the top of the present-giving tree are long gone

CDs and books

Music is on the way out. And as for reading - that's gone too, big style. If you have some friends who still insist on buying into the boho fad, then get them a picture - it's nothing like as time-consuming as a book and they'll thank you for that in the long run. Also, what can you say about a painting? It's just there, being a picture of something, so they won't feel obliged to drone on about its meaning or function every time they bump into you.

Out with the old

Sex toys

As a general rule of thumb, anything that is recommended by a tabloid newspaper can be disregarded as socially undesirable. So the fact that every female journalist in The Star has road-tested a vibrator in the last 12 months means conventional sex aids are off all quality Christmas lists. If your friend needs some spice in their life, you'd be better off getting them a slave. They don't run out of batteries and airport police won't start waving them around asking if you are a terrorist.

Picture Phones

Liven up Christmas dinner by taking snaps of your genitalia under the table and texting the picture to one of the other guests, preferably a grandparent. Also good for destroying your friends' relationship with opportunistic photographs at inopportune moments.

Clothing

To state the obvious, Burberry price tags are dropping well below the accepted level, and they will quite simply be viewed as a bargain basement throw-away by anyone in the know. The good news, though, is that fur is back in fashion. All those models who were posing naked and saying 'save the foxes' a few years ago - not any more baby. Mink murder is rightfully back on the agenda. Bravo.

New trend: Prods on decks

ACHTUNG ALL you manky-looking E mongrels. A new wave of posh birds on decks are threatening to turn the Dublin clubbing scene into a West Brit tea party.

Thankfully, though, none of these people even know how to turn on a CD player, so you are unlikely to find them DJing in an actual nightclub. But this doesn't stop Ireland's top youth culture mag, the Sunday Independent, explaining the remarkable impact that certain rich young ladies are making on our city's club culture. November's 'multi-talented heiress' of the month was Honor Fitzgerald (or Fitz-Gerald, as she seems to spell it) - "Ireland's Posh Spice" and daughter of the Knight of Glin.

Honor thy neighbour

According to a front page article in the newspaper, pretentious Honor is a model by day, and "promotes the very fashionable Suki and Nic designers." But it is in the small hours that this astonishing aristocrat is really making her mark - as "one half of the 'Posh and Mosh' duo which is fast becoming a hit on the Dublin clubbing scene." Posh and Mosh? Who are they?

Unfortunately, in its Andy Warhol-like rush to magic up a DJ superstar, the Sindo doesn't explain what this obscure outfit actually do (or even who the other member of it is). This is hardly surprising, seeing as after weeks of investigation, we couldn't find a single trace of them on the Dublin clubbing scene.

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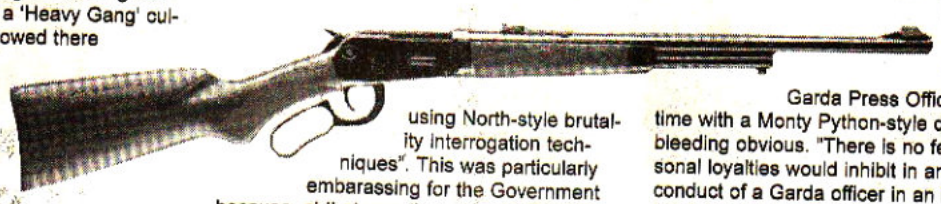
HEAVY DUTY HIT

Like true professionals, the Gardai did not approach their recent violent activity unprepared. In fact they seem to have been getting practice in for the last couple of decades.

LAST MONTH'S outlandish revelations about Garda behaviour in Donegal came as a shock to most Irish citizens. Not to mention the disclosure that over a hundred cops who were involved in policing the Mayday protest had point blank refused to help out an inquiry into that day of violence and skulduggery.

Some people might think this is the first time the filth have been in the dock, but as we at The Slate can reveal, the boys in blue have been happily handing out bateings for decades. Revelations of a 'Heavy Gang' culture during the 1970s showed there was toleration of cunts who thought they could torture suspects with impunity.



An Irish Times story on 5 February 1977 reported that one Thomas Connors had thrown himself from the third floor of Cahir Garda Station. He wasn't mad, or driven by remorse for some awful crime. He was just so terrified of the Gardai interrogating him that he chose to attempt suicide rather than take another beating from officers who had told him "we will break you mentally and physically." Connors told the Times "I was trying to kill myself: I couldn't stand it."

The Heavy Gang was a nebulous concept - possibly as much a mindset as a specific group of people. But it was widely felt that a nucleus of plainclothes officers from C4 (the Dublin-based Garda Technical Bureau) were travelling the country fearlessly beating defenceless men and women to extract 'confessions' for a grateful Irish State. This elite group were aided at times by officers from the Special Branch, but local pigs were rarely involved and in some cases are believed to have intervened on behalf of suspects. However, in the end, like today, the blue wall of silence made sure that nobody was even remotely worried about getting in trouble for this crazy carry-on.

All hell broke loose on Valentine's day 1977 when the Times headlined an article "Gardai using North-style brutality interrogation techniques". This was particularly embarassing for the Government because, at that very time, they were taking a case against the Brits in which they described their interrogation methods as "torture." The Times listed the routines employed by these uniformed thugs. Among the more unsavoury approaches were: straight up batterings; depriving suspects of food, water and sleep; threats to kill; forcing prisoners to stand spread-eagled for long periods; and denying access to lawyers and medical help.

A torrent of victims' accounts then appeared, some in eye-watering detail. Patrick Rehill had his "testicles squeezed until I screamed". The unfortunate Thomas Henchy emerged from a scarring encounter in such a bad state that he couldn't recognise his own wife or communicate with his laywer.

The reaction of the authorities at the time appears to have been little different to their blasé response to the police scandals of today. First an attempt was made to discredit the victims. The Minister for Justice at the time, Paddy Cooney confidently declared that the allegations of the existence of a 'Heavy Gang' were "subversive propaganda". Just a few weeks ago PJ Stone of the Garda Representative Association (the same tit who very intelligently blamed the entire Dame Street Police Riot on this magazine) offered the opinion that the majority of complaints against Gardai come from "people with subversive or criminal leanings."

Then the pious integrity of the Gardai was invoked. Calls for an independent body to police the police were met by the Garda Press Officer of the time with a Monty Python-style denial of the bleeding obvious. "There is no fear that personal loyalties would inhibit in any way the conduct of a Garda officer in an investigation involving another member of the force." The Garda Press office refused to discuss individual cases but maintained they would be "fully and impartially investigated."

At a recent passing out ceremony in Templemore, the Garda Commissioner cited the number of disciplinary cases taken against guards in recent years as proof of the integrity of the complaints procedure. In 1977 the Minister for Justice did exactly the same thing in the Dail and this was enough to end any serious demand for change from the politicians. As a result, the campaign in the media petered out.

So what happened the Heavy Gang? After many happy years of violence, their activities died out due to most of them being rewarded with promotion into the upper echelons of our fabulous force.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus off duty

Dear Santa,

I was looking forward to an apocalyptic war in which I, the great Saddam, would lay waste to evil George Bush and his ugly lapdog, Tony Blair. But now my heart has been filled with fear at the prospect of having do battle with the mighty Irish army. I thought Ireland was a neutral country, but my spies are telling me that this was just a joke, and American planes are stopping off in Ireland to collect soldiers for the war. Please help Santa. Should I step down now, before these ruthless murder machines come to get me?

Dear Saddam,

My advice is to send a few Iraqi hookers to meet the Irish boys at the airport. Take my word for it: after a few rides, these lads will be out of action for a couple of months.

Yours, Santa.

Dear Santa,

Despite my brave efforts to stamp out famine in Ethiopia back in 1984, there are still, like, loads of people starving over there - twice as many as before in fact.
This is really getting me down, and I was wondering if you could arrange for a re-release of Do They Know It's Christmas to go straight to number 1 and stay there until, like, June or something.

Yours,

Sir Bob Geldof

SQUAD

Garda Donal Corcoran, aka Robocop will be there to help you on your way

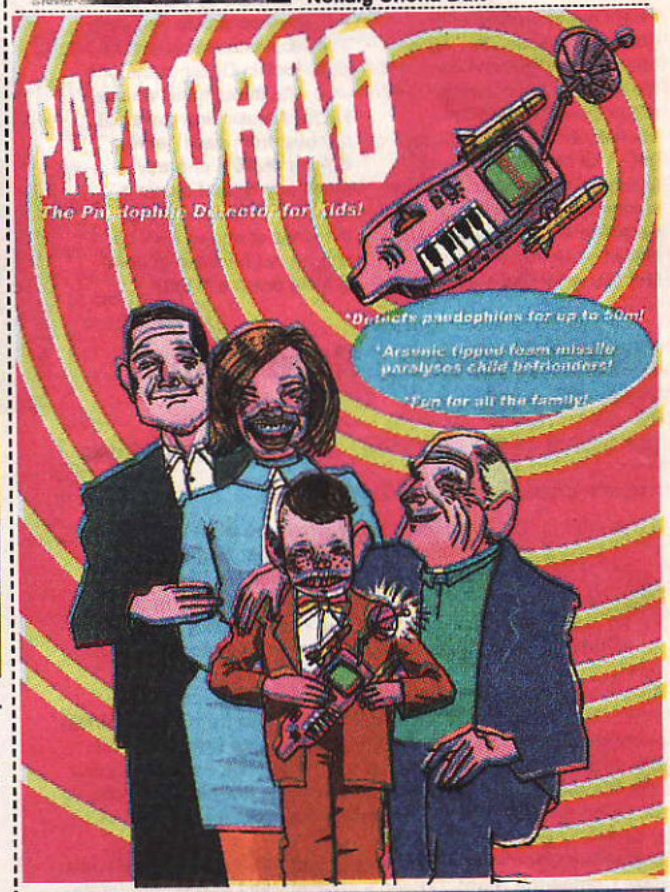
PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT: CHRISTMAS CHECKPOINTS

The Gardai would like to make it known that in the interests of public order and to stamp out the giving of cheek to members of the force which drunken motorists often engage in, special check points will be set up around the city. Please note:

1. These will be manned by the finest and most responsible Gardai Siochana, handpicked by our infallible Commissioner Pat Byrne.

2. Anybody found to be driving anywhere other than to mass will be taken into Garda custody and killed.

Nollaig Shona Duit



I feel like saving the world again

Dear Bob you fucking moron,

Your stupid meddling has messed things up enough already - and besides people would rather hear that Popstars rubbish at no.1 than the useless power ballad yourself and Midge Ure inflicted on us for more or less the whole of the 80s. Anyway, you are absolutely loaded now, so why don't you just hand over some of your own cash instead?

Now shut up,

Santa.

Dear Santa,

Why does everybody hate me?

Yours miserably

Fr Ivan Payne

Cause the kids say you're a payne in the hole! Ho ho ho!

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RESCUING

Our airwaves may be polluted with a shitload of musical misery, but it's not all that bad

Twiddling through Dublin radio stations trying to find some decent music can often be a depressing experience. Between dance-music pirates blasting fast, crap pointless music 24/7 and vast numbers of unimaginative chart shows that litter the airwaves like anthrax spores, quality music slots are certainly in the minority.

That's not to say there aren't good programmes out there - but most of them aren't given the publicity push that the likes of Ian Dempsey or that squeaky bollox Rick O'Shea get. A lot of the best music around is to be found on illegal stations. And even if you decide to explore the world of Dublin pirate radio, you will find that most of the stations are shite. The likes of Freedom FM are fairly pointless hawkers of commercially viable rock and pop - although how they plan on making money as pirates is a complete mystery. Many of the others knock out endless hours of mediocre club music, as shackled by their narrow-mindedness as the likes of FM104 and 98FM are by their need for high listenership figures.

The most interesting kind of radio jock in Dublin is the one who sifts through the various kinds of music and picks out the best from each genre. Seeing as 95% of pretty much any type of music is made up of mediocre crap, the kinds of shows we'll be picking out here are generally quite diverse in their approach. Some are well known, but others - because of the time of day they're on or the station they appear on - go unnoticed by people who'd probably enjoy them.

Donal Dineen: His playlists are posted every night on www.todayfm.com

Donal Dineen - Here Comes the Night

Today FM (100 - 103FM) Monday - Thursday 10pm 1am, Sunday 11pm - 1am

If it wasn't for Donal Dineen, there would be even more people in Ireland with terrible music collections. Beginning his career at the helm of the rather sourly-titled No Disco show, Dineen's initial concentration on guitar-based indie music - which was a lot better then than it is now - quickly developed to include hip hop, beats and other forms of dance-influenced music.

As a mainstream radio jock, Dineen's open mindedness to other kinds of music is what marked him out from ageing, irrelevant dinosaurs like Dave Fanning. Fanning's insistence on clinging to the increasingly dire indie and rock scene, coupled with his failure to embrace electronica has left him famous only for being the guy who talks like he's just taken a big line of speed.

These days, you'll only hear very select bits of guitar music on Here Comes the Night. Dineen's strength lies in the contemplative, melodic, leftfield end of things. If you haven't listened to his show for a while and tune in during the last hour - the 'headphones' section - it's sometimes hard to have patience. However, if you listen in regularly enough, and his slightly cheesy presenting style doesn't grate too much, you'll get a good flavour of where he's coming from and it can be a very rewarding experience.

The one problem with Here Comes The Night is that you won't hear anything particularly challenging on the show. Much of the hip hop he plays is anodyne and predictable, and sometimes the lack of raw edge might leave you wanting to go out and expose yourself to some hard techno or heavy metal. Overall though, Dineen's show remains interesting and rewarding.

THE RADIO

THE GOLDEN MAVERICK SHOW

Power FM (97.8FM) Sundays 12pm - 3pm

This is the ultimate Sunday hangover show, and one of the best music programmes you're likely to hear in Dublin. It's presented by a former jungle DJ who quit that scene in the mid-90s, and almost every tune he plays is a cracker, with no concession to playing new music just for the sake of it.

Throwing everything from rave classics, hip hop, 80s soul, dub, reggae, ska 80s music, ambient and the odd bit of indie, there's not a filler tune in sight. You'll find that there's a ramshackle appeal to his humorous presenting style, and plenty of the raw edge and risky sounds that are missing from something like Here Comes the Night. If you haven't tuned in before, it's well worth it. Playlists are posted every night at www.powerfm.org

Frequency Index

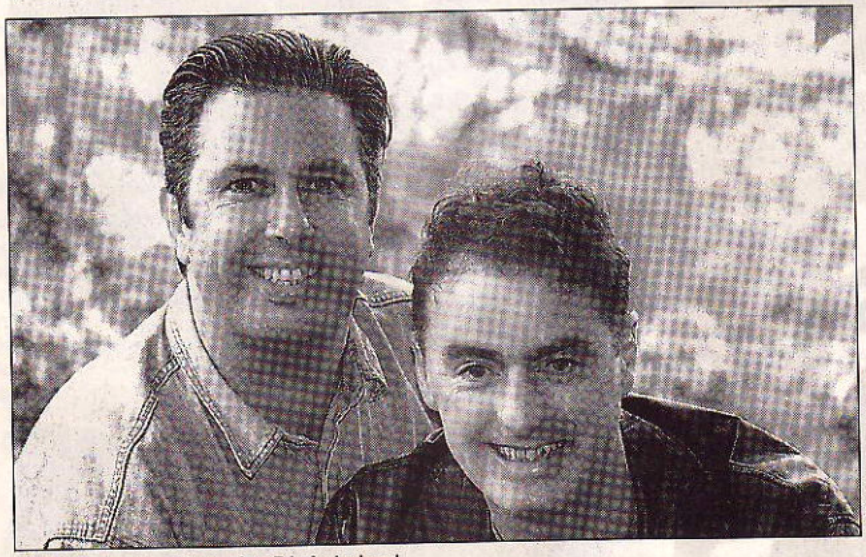
Jazz FM - 89.8
Power - 97.8
Xfm - 107.9
RnaG - 93
2FM - 90-92
Today FM - 100-102
Phantom - 91.6
Nova - 94.7

An Taobh Tuathail

Radio Na Gaeltachta (93 FM)

Mon - Fri 10pm - 12am, Sat & Sun 9.30pm - 12am

A massively overlooked show, and one of the best on the airwaves. Presented by Cian Ó Cíobháin, Cathal Ó Cuaig, Rónán Mac Aodha Bhuí & Eoin Ó Loideáin, The big problem An Taobh Tuathail is that it will appeal to a similar audience to Here Comes the Night and is on at exactly the same time as it - apart from on Friday and Saturday night when everybody is out getting pissed. There's also the minor issue that the blurb explaining what the track is and who made it is delivered in fast Irish, which will put a few people off. Those who don't mind or can actually understand the Gaeilge will see it match Dineen's show in its eclectic style, although these lads tend to go for a more upbeat approach which is as much to do with their interests in club music as anything else. Sometimes the funk and jazz can be a bit excessive, but it's overall an excellent and rounded show.



The two most cutting edge DJs in Ireland

Jay Ahern

2FM (90 - 92FM)

Sundays 11pm - 2pm

Although this show has a distinct guitar smell to it, there is enough diversity going on to make it one of the more interesting indie slots around - which is bizarre, seeing as it's on a mostly shit mainstream station. Yanky Ahern's show has a very contemporary feel to it - you'll hear lots of new music - and while his playlists will feature a few NME-hyped bands, they're mostly the better ones. There is plenty of good lo-fi stuff, as well as some nice off-kilter bits of hip hop and electronica.

Cian Ó Cíobháin from An Taobh Tuathail

The can't live without Show

Kate Butler, Power FM (97.8FM)

Thursdays 12pm - 3pm

A relatively new addition to the airwaves, what makes this show stand out is the fact that every week, figures from the Irish dance music scene are invited on to play their top ten tunes of all time. The great part here is that the tunes they pick are generally far better than the ones that got them where they are in the first place.

Obviously the kind of music played depends entirely on who's on the show, but you'll hear almost no dance music. There have been a lot of drum and bass DJs on, which often means you'll get plenty of reggae and ska, and the tunes generally tend to be of the highest quality. Host Kate Butler plays a good mixed bag of stuff, with plenty of 80s funk, good hip hop and fine techno and electro. She tends to turn away from the mic mid-way through sentences which makes it hard to catch what she says sometimes, but who really gives a shit about things like that?

Simon Maher from Phantom gettin into the groove

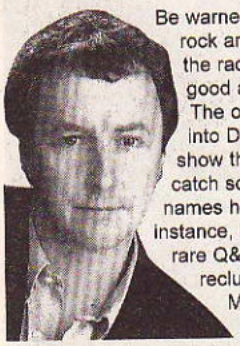
Specialist Shows

There are millions of shows which cater specifically for one particular kind of music - far too many to even consider listing them all in fact. Most of what follows here is picked quite at random, but generally we've chosen programmes that play music which is suitable for listening to at home as opposed to out off your head in a warehouse or a club. Thus, there'll be no acid techno and no hard house shows.

REGGAE

Probably the best place to hear all kinds of reggae is on Jazz FM (89.8FM) on Sundays. Broadcasting between 2pm and 4pm, John Public plays all strains of dub, roots, reggae and ska. Using a clean, informative presenting style, Public knows his music inside out. This is a great Sunday afternoon option.

GUITAR STUFF



Tom Dunne - just another boring auld cunt

Be warned - there's a lot of rock and indie played on the radio in Dublin, but a good amount of it is shit. The only reason to tune into Dave Fanning's show these days is to catch some of the big names he interviews (for instance, he recently had a rare Q&A session with the reclusive Morrissey). Most of the music he plays is pretty uninteresting. Tom Dunne's slot on Today FM is popular but predictable and unadventurous. Phantom FM are great for their persistent attempts to get a legal radio license and their constant efforts to cause trouble for Country FM, who were awarded a license ahead of them recently. But lots of the music they play is absolute rubbish. There's too much bad pop punk, over-hyped NME bands and brutal Irish music for it to really stand out as a station. Xfm has some decent guitar based shows which are a lot more challenging than the stuff on Phantom. The only problem is the signal is weak and inconsistent, so half the time you can't tune in properly.

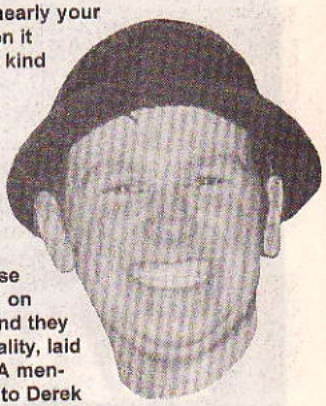
JAZZ

Jazz FM, funnily enough, has quite a lot of jazz. Although the ads and jingles on this long-running pirate would have you believe that it's aimed exclusively at fat, balding forty-year-old tosspots, you'll find a fairly good, if somewhat predictable set of programmes on here. On Thursday mornings, Saturday mornings and Sunday mornings it's non-stop jazz. Not all of it is top quality, but if you're in the humour it's worth a shot. Another option is Lyric FM, which you can listen to with your granny if you haven't seen her in a while.

HIP HOP/RNB

There are very few, if any good straight up hip hop shows to be heard in Dublin. Del Diablo's programme on Power FM every second Wednesday between 9pm & 11pm is worth checking out. The quality of rnb generally seems a bit better than the quality of hip hop these days, and Aoife Nic Canna's Power FM show on Wednesdays between 3pm and 5pm is great for the more underground stuff. Tony Dixon's show on FM 104 - believe it or not - isn't too bad at all, and is worth a listen.

DEEP HOUSE/ DETROIT TECHNO



Billy Scurry - a face for the radio

Power FM is nearly your only man when it comes to this kind of stuff. Stef Hoffman, Padraig Disconaut, Mr. Moto and Billy Scurry are just some of the deep house DJs who play on this station and they all supply quality, laid back house. A mention must go to Derek Flanagan and and Paul Conroy of Nova 94.7, who also present excellent, up to the minute deep house on Sundays between 4 and 7pm. Scott Logan does a great, melodic Detroit techno show on Fridays at 9pm. It's a very accessible form of music and if you're staying in on Friday, give it a shot.

ABSTRACT ELECTRONICA/ WEIRD SHIT

Mick Chillage does a bizarre but good mix of ambient, electro and general strangeness on XFM. Keith Downey does great work in this field on Power on Mondays 5-7 and on Nova 94.7 on Fridays between 9 and 11pm. Thinktoy does a good show on Power between 11am & 2pm on Mondays.

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HARDCELL
FRIDAY 06 DECEMBER
TBMC **€15**

Tonight's headline guest was originally supposed to be French techno producer Oxia. Sadly, he's been replaced by Nils Danielsson, aka Hardcell, who's been described as 'Sweden's techno loops king'. Which means you should bring the Anadin, because this night will more than likely be a stultifying dose of repetitive cranial thump. Far better are Transparent Sound, the UK duo who've been releasing abstract (but dancefloor-wrecking) electro since 1994. They've knocked out a series of 12"s on Billy Nasty's Electrix label, but don't let their association with him immediately put you to sleep - these lads can rock the house, as their recent mix CD (with Radioactive Man) on Longhaul proves. Support from Cork's Jamie Behan, with Waterford's Niall Power in the bar.

GREG POOLE
FRIDAY 06 DECEMBER
VOODOO **€TBC**

Both Voodoo and its sister venue Eamon Dorans have more or less retreated from the clubbing arena back to the murky world of live music, but for New York DJ Greg Poole an exception is being made. Poole is part of the Wikkid Crew, a hip-hop/drum n bass/2-step/whatever you're having yourself NYC collective and he'll be lashing out all these styles and more tonight as well as playing Saturday 07 December at Eamon Dorans. Sounds promising. Support TBC.

STRETCH TAYLOR
FRIDAY 06 DECEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE **€13/10**

This man's CV is so large he needs to drag it behind him in one of those granny shopping trolleys. Taylor's 11 year career as an rnb DJ was recently profiled in Blues and Soul magazine, to which (strangely enough) he's a long-time contributor. It includes an exhaustive number of radio and club residencies around the southeast of Britain which finally gave him a breakthrough job as coordinator for East West Records UK. Meaning he gets all the plum support slots for artists like Missy Elliot and Fabolous when they play in England, plus the job of mixing their official artists' mix CDs. He was the MOBO 2001 Awards aftershow DJ, and his credentials certainly seem solid enough to give it a lash tonight. Support from Frank Jez.

Tutto Matto - roughing up Ri Ra

MEDICINE 8
FRIDAY 06 DECEMBER
SPIRIT **€20**

Fresh from being overshadowed by Jon Carter in the Tivoli recently, this London duo head down to Spirit to do further damage to the tacky superclub's dodgy music reputation. While they first came to attention with the rough and ready Capitalrocka - a floorbusting fusion of reggae chants and slap bass - their output since then has been slightly to the left of the proggy herds, but still not much use. Tonight, you can expect pretty big tunes and not the wall of monotony that many progressive dullards bang out for hours. However, if the aforementioned Tivoli gig is anything to go by, it'll be a fairly typical Spirit experience - full of drunken office workers, mediocre music and strippers who'd be better off sticking to the day job.

TUTTO MATTO
FRIDAY 06 DECEMBER
RIRA **€10**

An unfortunate factor in the Shelter disappearing off the face of the earth last month was the planned Tummy Touch Records double bill of Tim 'Love' Lee and these guys, Italian tag team Tutto Matto. So it's good news to see them pop up again so soon, this time in RiRa, which should be shaken out of it's perpetual stupor by their glossy, sampledelic futurediscо. There's been the odd mumble about 'an Italian Basement Jaxx' but thankfully the band have avoided getting their bollocks squeezed by the fad-hungry dance media. Check their recent album Hot Shots or the sleazy grind of their last single, You, as a taster. Support TBC.

BASSBIN CHRISTMAS PARTY: TOTAL SCIENCE
SATURDAY 07 DECEMBER
TBMC **€12**

The Bassbin Christmas Party has been subtitled Jungle Bells. So maybe drum n bass heads do have a sense of humour after all...This event will see a hefty contingent of Dublin's leading jungle collective hog the Music Centre for some seasonal shenanigans. With drum n bass under attack recently for splitting into two directions (anodyne and dancefloor-unfriendly experimentation) it's timely to have a visit from an act which spells 100% dancefloor madness. Quiff and Spinback, aka Total Science have been firing out volleys of skullcracking dnb since the genre's first wave in 1994. As Q-Project and Dubplate, they gave us bona-fide junglist anthems Champion Sound and What's My Code. Tonight, it's Spinback supported by Belfast's Calibre and Bassbin's Beta 2 and Zero Tolerance. Naphta, Don Rosco, Polska and Con in the bar.

TOM MIDDLETON
SATURDAY 07 DECEMBER
TIVOLI **€16.90**

One time Jedi Knight (before George Lucas objected) Tom Middleton is another bearded nutter from Cornwall in the mould of Richard D. James, the Aphex Twin who allegedly first taught him how to sample. Recently Middleton has focused mainly on his Cosmos project, straightforward funky house that manages to gain critical acclaim while remaining seriously cheesy. His hit summer single Take Me With You should have signaled the death knell for his credibility yet the recently released Sound Of The Cosmos album seems to have been well received. Prepare yourself for funk, soul, breaks & house which will either get you jumping or come off as incredibly naff depending on your taste. Support from Jockey Slut hack Jonno, Philth and Johnny Moy (if he shows up).

LEXICON AVENUE
SATURDAY 07 DECEMBER
SECRET LOCATION **€30**

This gig is on the down-low so low it could parachute out of a snake's arse. Switch's Saturday night resident Nick Corrigan and Nova FM's Karl Lambert are teaming up to take you out to a castle in the middle of nowhere and let you run amuck to the sound of Lexicon Avenue. It's a rare live performance from the three Brummie oul' lads who - on their own Forensic Records - have knocked out plenty of critically acclaimed Tenaglia-friendly tribal house down the years. Transport is included in the price and accommodation is available. The Slate thoroughly approves of any debauchery in stately properties, but a word of caution on the soundtrack: if you are allergic to dark tribal, think twice. Text Castle to 53033 for details.

SISTER BLISS
SATURDAY 07 DECEMBER
RED BOX €20.90

After limping along shamefully for far too long, Faithless finally packed it in earlier this year. This meant that Sister Bliss' day job went out the window and she has been left to rely primarily on her perfectly acceptable deck skills to pay the rent. The stuff she plays out is close enough to her old band's drama queen progressive house, and she always throws in a few of her own customized remixes of their well-known tracks to satisfy those who've been lured by the Faithless name. It's just a shame she doesn't venture into the studio more often herself - 1999's Sister Sister was far superior to most of the cack Faithless dribbled out in their twilight years. Decent enough night nonetheless. Robbie Butler supports.

THE PRUNES
FRIDAY 13 DECEMBER
LOBO, THE MORRISON €13

"Great!" you think, "it's the long awaited reunion of Ireland's original avant-goth punk shockers The Virgin Prunes". Sorry to disappoint all the sad Hotpress-reading fucks out there who'd be delighted at the prospect of sweaty old Gavin Friday and his cronies squeezing back into their dresses and docs, but it's not them. These Prunes are from Copenhagen, a city whose only contribution so far to the development of modern electronic music has been genius turntable duo Noize and Static (which is one contribution more than Dublin). Their Vega label knocks out good if predictable jazzy downtempo beats with a lounge flavour which should go down nicely here at The Morrison with anyone who is actually listening to the music as opposed to trying to get their leg over a legal secretary.

808 STATE (THE SPINMASTERS' DJ SET)
FRIDAY 13 DECEMBER
TBMC €17

Interesting to see a gig on in the Music Centre which doesn't involve either a poxy band or a mallet attack of angry techno. Tonight marks the start of a new monthly club, Farenheit 451, which promises a careful balance between credible and danceable. Kicking it off is a DJ set from Manchester-based mini legends 808 State. Tracks like Pacific State and Cubik shape up shockingly well under the glare of old-skool reappraisal, the genre-free Pacific State in particular illustrating how mean dance music has become with ideas and scope. But there's a catch - the guys playing tonight had little more than a bit part in all this. As the band's resident DJs, Andrew Barker and Darren Partington (aka The Spinmasters) role in 808 State seemed confined to the power of veto and vision maintenance. Which boiled down to suggesting that Martin Price and Graham Massey stop fucking around with tape loops and put a proper beat in there. You can expect techno, electro and breaks with highlights including a sprinkling of 808 classics while the promised airing of new material will give you a chance to fight your way to the bar. Support TBC.

MAURO PICOTTO
SATURDAY 21 DECEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €30

APPARENTLY THIS is going to be Mauro Picotto's last ever appearance as a trance DJ. After that he's switching to techno, where he will presumably by met by a lot of confused idiots chinstroking themselves to death as they try to figure out what the fuck is going on.

Because, over the last couple of years, Picotto has achieved a level of popularity - in Ireland especially - that long ago surpassed the limits of what is considered polite in techno society. What's more, he has done it by playing appallingly unfashionable music (hard trance) in a Dublin venue (the Temple Theatre) that is about as respectable as anal sex with the family dog.

There are those who would argue that the trance masses have made Picotto Ireland's favourite international DJ, seeing off the likes of Carl Cox and Judge Jules. Singles like Comodo and Lizard lurked in the upper regions of the Irish chart for an indecent amount of time, and those who look old enough to get into clubs routinely pack out every gig he plays.

So is Picotto committing career suicide by ditching the melodic, muscular trance that made him a superstar? In a word, yes. As mentioned above, techno purists will be waiting to spit all over whatever he does in their precious genre while the chances of his current following going with him into Baldieville seem slim enough.

The whole thing makes a bit of a mockery of the boundaries that music fans like to set up between each other. Picotto has actually been drifting towards techno for quite a while. His current sets are as chock-full of the likes of Dave Clarke and Chris Leibing as they are with white labels from his BXR stablemates. But this publicly pronounced move is certain to alienate his loyal fanbase. With six more major UK dates between this one and the end of the year, you'll have to wonder if it'll be up-yours techno all night at those gigs? For tonight, it's best to expect BXR favourites from the man himself, his engineer Ricky Effe (playing live) and the new pretender to the BXR throne, Belgium's M.I.K.E. Support TBC.

Trance today, techno to-mauro

RACHEL AUBURN
SATURDAY 14 DECEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

The Grand Old Dame of hard house was originally scheduled to play in October but not to worry, here she is this month with her unstoppable brand of raved up lunacy. Sceptics - and those who've just never bothered to listen - dismiss the top-heavy amount of female DJs working the hard house scene as a homogenous shower of cartoon slappers with not a grain of talent, let alone variety between them. They'd be wide of the mark in both cases with Auburn. As well as being a more than proficient DJ for over 12 years, she's been bashing out her own productions since 1992 and getting steadily better at it. Furthermore, her style, while undeniably hard house, has a darker, more noticeably brutal edge to it than most others in the genre. Ken Tobin supports.

NICK WARREN
SATURDAY 14 DECEMBER
RED BOX €20.90

The general theme of the Global Underground series of mix CDs (with which Nick Warren is primarily associated seems to be 'different place, same shit'. The forthcoming instalment will see Nick broadcasting his mediocre fusion of mild trance and breaks from Reykjavik. So the old Red Box, renovated and all as it is, will probably seem a bit dreary compared to tundras and volcanos. As one half of Way Out West, the Bristol old-timer has made a few choice contributions to the UK dance scene, particularly 1994's elegant Ajare. His DJ sound on the other hand is comprised of the inoffensive elements of trance, house and breakbeat. Which either means he's got all the angles covered or has no edge to get your teeth into, depending on your taste. Jan Carbon supports.

BOY GEORGE

SATURDAY 28 DECEMBER
RED BOX €20.90

FANS OF this fudgepacking old crooner recently got a chance to hear how shit his new songwriting material is at last month's concert in the Point. Thankfully tonight he'll be laying off the saccharine balladry and getting down to some dirty disco action behind the decks instead.

There's a lot of lazy criticism floating around about the idea of Boy George, DJ. After the novelty wore off (soon after he started DJing properly, around 1992), he was dissed as a comedy pop star using the old boy network to poach gigs that should have gone to Real DJs. Bear in mind that he first stepped behind a set of decks way back in 1981 at London New Romantic night Planets.

And that - like Madonna - he's been soaking up dance culture from the first bounce. Early 80s New York (where yokes made their debut on the scene), mid 80s Ibiza, The Paradise Garage, Shoom and Spectrum - you name it, Boy George was there bombed in the corner. So it's not like he wasn't bringing anything to the table. The enduring gripe against him seems to be that he's not Jeff Mills standing there with a face on him mixing on nineteen turntables and a NASA Flight Simulator.

So if you can forgive him that, here's what you're likely to hear. Tough proggy house on the Superchumbo and Deana Ramirez side of things, breaky Plump DJs type stuff finishing up with dramatic prog or, if you're unlucky, Judge Jules-y Hi Gate nonsense. Not the most innovative couple of hours you could get for your cash, but not the worst either. Robbie Butler supports.

The Boy with his toys

CHRIS LIBERATOR

SATURDAY 14 DECEMBER
SIDEWALK €16

A hearty welcome back to d:Fuse who - having been turfed out of their long-term home in Fraziers back in April - have been popping up all too infrequently for once off events. August saw them bring over New York hardcore techno maniac Lenny D, and now it's the turn of the Stay Up Forever label boss, Chris Liberator. He's no stranger to d:Fuse events, having been one of their most consistent guests over the past 8 years. Running no less than 12 sub-labels on the London free party scene, it's fair to say this guy is the smelly crusty techno king of the world. All this might sound a bit cosy, let us remind you that the London acid techno he specialises in is a terrifying din that would have most people scattering for cover. If you fancy some really hard-bastard music and an exceptionally hardcore (but friendly) atmosphere, this is your gig but don't say you weren't warned. Support from Daire Lennon, Kalif and Derek F.

Get messy with De Crecy

ELLIOT EASTWICK

SATURDAY 14 DECEMBER
SPI BAR €9/5

A more charitable magazine would pay tribute to Elliot Eastwick's successful label (Paper Recordings), or perhaps show some respect for the man who played the last ever record at Manchester's legendary Hacienda. In reality though, Paper's output has never been spectacular, and by the stage he was playing in the Hacienda, it couldn't even get a big enough crowd in to cover costs - hardly the best endorsement of his residency. To make matters worse, Eastwick was recently publicly humiliated by failing to spot a classical cellist among a load of hard house DJs on Channel 4's Faking It. He can certainly knock out a good deep house set though, as his 1995 appearance at the Ormond Centre proved. Support from Tayor.

ETIENNE DE CRECY AND ALEX GOPHER

SATURDAY 14 DECEMBER
TIVOLI €16.90

Alex Gopher first joined heads with his partner tonight Etienne De Crecy when they were in a dreadful old frog-rock band together back in the 80s. He thankfully went on to pursue an abstract vision of body-popping grooves with less bootyshake appeal than the straight-ahead likes of Daft Punk or Cassius but with the hip-hop soul of Paris sprayed deep into its canvas. In Tempovision, Etienne De Crecy graced us with one of the all time classic dance albums, spectacular even by high French standards. Not to mention his sublime dancefloor ventures as Super Discount and part of Motorbass. His DJ reputation may not enjoy quite as high regard but when the tunes are as good as his (he spins mostly his own material), you'll be too busy running around with your t-shirt over your head in delight to care about turntable pyro-technics. Support from Philth.

KOFI

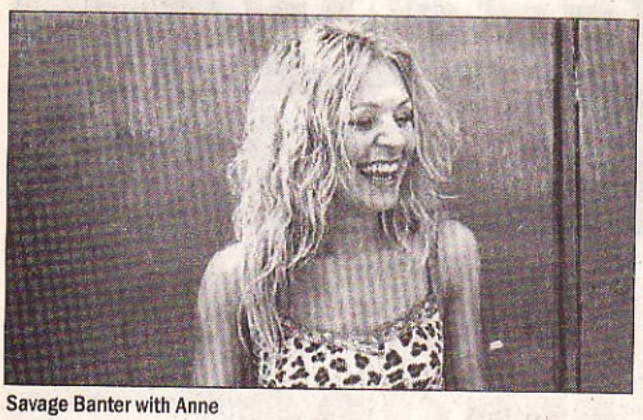
FRIDAY 20 DECEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

Friday nights in the Temple - although roughly termed 'urban' - tend to be ladies' choice rnb, but Kofi, who played here in September, is pure hip hop. He started out as a youngfella wrecking his Dad's good hi-fi after being inspired to start scratching by a documentary called Hip Hop History. After much practice, Kofi won the 1995 Technics UK mixing finals and went on to come 4th in the world championships. This lead to a whole lotta scratchin' from showing off on MTV and New York's Phat Beats TV show to (less coolly) appearing behind Wyclef on Top Of The Pops and providing all the cuts and scratches for the Spice Girls' albums. You can probably expect a fine quality night, heavy on the hip hop. Support from Frank Jez.

DAVID DURIEZ

SATURDAY 21 DECEMBER
SPI BAR €9/5

David Duriez is based in Paris and makes house. Which is as far as some of you will read before dismissing him as a filtered disco peddler. In fact, he's outspokenly critical about the Daft Punk school of French fried funk but is equally narked when his music and DJ style is termed tech-house. Well, tough tits David - that's exactly what it is most of the time. Not a million miles away from the UK's Jamie Anderson (who he's recently remixed), Duriez rolls out a pleasant percussive chug with techy overtones. His own Brique Rouge label churns out loads of the same. Still a grand gig for that on-and-on house feeling. Support from Tayor.



Savage Banter with Anne

FERGIE
SUNDAY 22 DECEMBER
RED BOX €20.90

This flash little nob from up north has been the most curious feature of the Red Box itinerary over the last two years. In a venue that blatantly has nothing to do with hard house from one end of the year to the other, how come Fergie is regularly brought in to hammer everyone's faces into the dancefloor with his slightly trancy hard house lite? Old Fergus seems to be the acceptable face of this embattled genre, which has more to do with his acceptable face than the music he plays. You won't get anything here that you wouldn't get on Fridays in the Temple, but if you're gay or a girl, perhaps you'd rather the madness be dished up by him than the bolshy birds and ugly dads that make up the rest of the hard house circuit. Support from Robbie Butler.

WES D'ARCY
WEDNESDAY 26 DECEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €TBC

It's Stephens' Day. The big Christmas comedown is in full effect. You're developing the makings of a peptic ulcer from eating every 15 minutes and, after spending more than an afternoon in the company of your relatives, you have all the joie de vivre of a football hooligan suffering from an off-season violence famine. Naturally, you'll be wanting to beat it down to the Temple and get some of 2FM's Wes D'Arcy blaring pop rnb at you. Possibly not but, in fairness, compared to the wall to wall jock-o-rama he has for company on the nation's youth radio station, this Wicklow boy and his 4 hour Friday night 'urban' show, aren't that bad. But he's a radio presenter rather than a club DJ and lacks the dancefloor suss of the Temple's rnb resident Frank Jez. Stay in with the 1998 Men Behaving Badly Christmas Special.

BODYTONIC 1ST BIRTHDAY: CALLUM WALKER
SATURDAY 28 DECEMBER
SPI BAR €9

You'd almost think you were in filthy Cork these days with the amount of deep house nights that are happening here in the BAC. In nearly every club you walk into, you're likely to be assailed by an avalanche of saxophone solos, jazzy marimba riffs and big black men giving out about how the world doesn't have enough soul. And this is what you'll find in Spi tonight - Glasgow based producer/ DJ Callum Walker's sound is so 'deep' that if he refined it any further, his records would be fucking inaudible. That's not to say he isn't a quality music maker, because he's one of the most prolific in his field, recording for such well-respected underground labels as Glasgow Underground and Chicago's Large Music. He's here tonight to celebrate the first birthday of house outfit Bodytonic, a group of lads who - while managing to hold residencies in only the worst toilets in Dublin - have nonetheless brought over some decent guests the likes of Luke Soloman and Jori Hulkhonnen. He should build a decent, groove-based set which won't win awards for originality but will probably rock the place in an understated sort of way. Support from Bodytonic residents.

JUDGE JULES AND ANNE SAVAGE
SATURDAY 28 DECEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €25

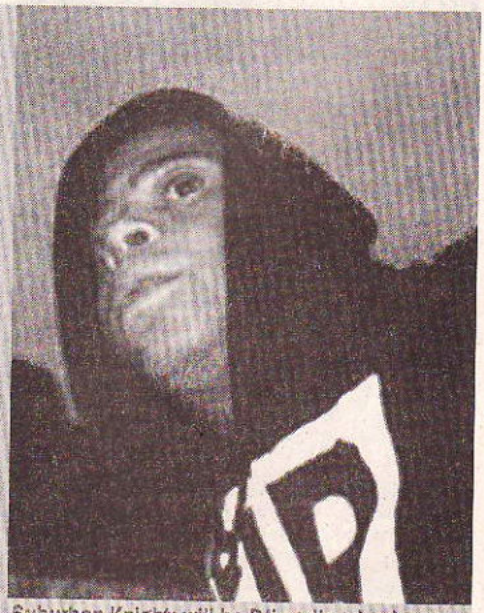
The most immediately interesting thing about this gig is the price - over the last three years you could expect to pay at least this much in punts for Jules on his own, never mind sharing a bill. We've given him a pasting over and over again and you may ask why? Well he seems to make a fantastic living off the back of dance music without contributing anything to its development. His specs and his slapped-arse facial expressions are fairly taxing on the eye. On a purely musical level, what you're getting may not be the total muppet-fest you'd expect - it's nothing to write home about either. His sets usually build to a frothy trance climax, but the lead up can be anything from disco fromage to BXR nutsquashers to hard house lite. Tonight it will probably be the latter, considering his support is Anne Savage, a rowdy hard house bird from Leeds who's unfailingly popular at the Temple. Support from Anne's boyfriend, Jay Pidgeon.

UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE FEAT. SUBURBAN KNIGHT, DJ CLANDESTINE
SATURDAY 21 DECEMBER
TBMC €15

THERE ARE times when techno - for pretentiousness - can make a student performance art exhibition look like three surly oul'lads watching the racing in an Offaly pub. Tonight's gig in the Music Centre is definitely one of those times. The bare facts are: two Underground Resistance acts are over from Detroit to DJ. But the fuss being made and the shit being talked is something else.

You can't blame the Music Centre, or any prospective promoter, for wanting to jazz up the fucking place or at least minimise the anti-social effects of its vast emptyness. But planning to cover the main room in 5000 sq feet of camouflage material sounds like a disaster.

Even more entertainingly pompous is the UR DJ's unintentionally comical personas and military shtick. A simple 'I've made a few records and played a few gigs' bloated into 'Severe damage to populace committed during night time raids on UR missions and multiple virus insertions worldwide'. Can this 'UR Long Range One Night Strike Specialist' really be the same James Pennington aka Suburban Knight who wrote the bouncy bassline for Inner City's



Suburban Knight: will be DJing disguised as a hand grenade

Big Fun?

All this carry-on detracts from the stonking racket you could expect to hear from Suburban Knight and his co-hort DJ Clandestine which is Detroit techno with steel boots on. Knight's The Art Of Stalking classic just about gets him away it. Just about. The decidedly less esoteric Donal Tierney plays the bar.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

New Year's Eve is without doubt the most embarrasing, anti-climactic excuse for a holiday in the history of mankind. It's still our job to help you spend a small fortune celebrating it. We suggest...

JEFF MILLS

TUESDAY 31 DECEMBER
RED BOX €50

JEFF MILLS' first Irish appearance in six years was a guaranteed sell out for the Red Box back in June. Whatever his original problem was with Ireland (some said it was racism, others shoddy equipment for his near-empty 1996 Ormond Centre gig), he's obviously forgotten it. Reviews for the Red Box gig were multi-orgasmic to say the least. Mills - a second wave Detroit pioneer who more or less invented minimal techno - was heard to play everything from his signature locked metallic grooves to warm deep house with confidence and style rarely seen in this impoverished neck of the woods. The (whopping) admission price also includes admission to the Pod and the Chocolate Bar, with its usual residents (see regular clubs section for details).

DAVE CLARKE

TUESDAY 31 DECEMBER
TIVOLI €TBC

ON THE surface it seems like a tough NYE choice for poor techno fans all over Dublin: Dave Clarke at the Tivoli or Jeff Mills at The Red Box? After all, they do the same business, don't they? Well, not anymore. While at one point, Clarke may have been seen as one of the many poor man's Mills around, his agenda has sharpened and he now cuts a distinctive swathe along the following lines: cold minimal techno, 430 West-style android electro, trash-talking euro-grooves (OK, electroclash then) and full on ass n titties booty bass from the likes of Disco D. His recent move to Skint Records after years of label hassles has made him (a bit) happier too. So if this sounds more like your vision of a techno-oriented NYE, there's the choice made. Support from Influx residents.

OLD SKOOL: MARK KAVANAGH AND DJ PRESSURE

TUESDAY 31 DECEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €25

IN TERMS of predictability, going to an old-skool night on New Year's Eve comes in the same category as staying home on 31

Narky Clarkey

December to watch Joe Duffy chat up a few old ladies on RTE. It's also telling that, instead of looking forward to a dance music future that seems about as interesting as a weekend in Drimnagh, 2003 will be rung in retrospectively here with a tune from years ago. But there's no-one better equipped to take you back than Mark Kavanagh, who kicked off the old-skool season back in February at the Red Box with a bang-on two hour document of Dublin favourites which would shame any compilation CD. Pressure is no slouch at knocking out shotgun anthems from the Asylum either, although his name carries less clout, both then and now. Support TBC.

BUSTY'S G-SPOT

TUESDAY 31 DECEMBER
RIRA €TBC

Tranny spectacular in the Dame Court venue as Busty and her mates throw a big party. The place will definitely be rammed, and you won't be able to move, but if you insist on going to a club tonight, you could do far worse.

HILTON EDWARDS

TUESDAY 31 DECEMBER
SPY/WAX €TBC

Gay bonanza as one of the city's sceneiest club nights celebrates the NYE. Be prepared to meet a landslide of posing pricks, with everyone wearing expensive, badly made clothes. Mark Dixon will be DJing, and he's a good jock, but you'd be better off somewhere else.

LOONEY TUNES CHRISTMAS PARTY

SUNDAY 29 DECEMBER
PARENELL MOONEY €7

Drum and bass can be a pretty serious business at times in Dublin and, well aware of this, the Bassbin collective occasionally try and inject a bit of unashamed fun into the proceedings. This generally happens at their old skool nights and under the banner of this Looney Tunes offshoot label. Tonight's Christmas party is the latter, being held in the decrepit but atmospheric Parnell Mooney on the bass-heavy Firehouse Skank Sound System. Looney Tunes - the label and the nights - feature typical Bassbin suspects making and playing jump-up dnb under comedy aliases. Tonight's line up is Accident and Emergency (whose Looney output has been particularly interesting), Nazi Ted and Buggz Money, plus an international guest who hadn't been confirmed by the time we went to press.

THE POINT CHRISTMAS PARTY: SEB FONTAINE, SANDER KLEINENBERG, JON CARTER, TIM DELUXE

SUNDAY 29 DECEMBER
POINT DEPOT €35

In the spirit of packing as many unfortunate bodies as possible into that grim warehouse The Point, our greedy pals MCD have come up with an exceptionally schizophrenic line-up. The four big-cheese DJs fall squarely into two camps, the fans of which would not offer each other the steam off their piss. Camp one features vaguely funky, slightly pedestrian house from two men - Tim Deluxe and Jon Carter - whose recently sucess owes everything to a massive career u-turn. Carter dumped big-beat for tribal house and is now banking it big. Tim Deluxe dumped speed garage and now makes tunes which go down very well with drunk people like the mewling singalong It Just Won't Do. Fans of camp two will be disgusted at this shit and will probably sulk in the foyer 'til Sander Kleinenberg hits the decks. His brand of processed trance will take things abruptly in a totally different direction. Finally Seb Fontaine, who is confused enough at the best of times about what he plays - expect him to be in big room progressive mode and just-possibly bring back some of the Carter/Deluxe contingent who've been in the queue to get their coats since Sander came on. The only thing this crowd will agree on is how much they were ripped off at 35 euros.

Jon Carthorse

KEITH LAWRENCE
FRIDAY 03 JANUARY
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

Naturally most of you will be spending the month of January miserably huddled around a Super Ser and more concerned with trying to cheat death-through-hypothermia than bumping your trunk down the Temple. But if you should get the urge, you would certainly do worse than to brave the cold for Keith Lawrence. A London DJ who for years was based in Dublin, he's been pushing the rnb sound here since the mid 90s. Back then, the majority of club-goers here would sooner have given themselves an abortion with a rusty fork than go to an rnb night. Thankfully for Keith, times have changed and he's a regular guest in the Temple where his mash up of rnb, hip-hop and ragga sits nicely with the bling bling crowd. Frank Jez supports.

T-BONE
FRIDAY 17 JANUARY
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

The Temple have thrown up a new name from the endless sea of Southern UK soul, swing and rnb jocks who populate the guest roster at their Friday night club. T-Bone's credentials are slightly fuzzier than the average Rhythm Corporation guest, though. For instance, he hasn't got a show on Radio 1Xtra, doesn't hang out with Trevor Nelson and hasn't remixed Samantha Mumba. But, alongside his mixing partner, Mr. Savage, he's a solid regular in the discerning likes of Bournemouth's The Zoo and Charlie Parker's in Eastleigh. The standard of rnb guests here is usually pretty high so it bodes well for a night of getting down and watching fat white birds trying to pull Hilfiger-clad Kenyans. Support from Frank Jez.

EDDIE HALLIWELL AND ADAM SHERIDAN
SATURDAY 18 JANUARY
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

Two up and coming British DJs to liven up the misery of January and put a further dent in the monopoly Italian techno-trance has had on Saturday nights in the Temple over the past year. First up is Adam Sheridan, who is in danger of becoming a media flavour of the month thanks to the UK press jerking off over Manchester's GoodGreef clubnight, where he regularly appears. He plays trance on the hard and nasty side and is pitching himself somewhere between Paul Van Dyk and Tony De Vit. As the latest signing to Tidy Trax, Eddie Halliwell has been causing a massive noise on the hard house scene. His is a funky style that's more Bangalter than banging - plus he cuts and scratches at 135 bpm and upwards. Recommended. Support TBC.

JUAN ATKINS AND DJ COLETTE
FRIDAY 24 JANUARY
TBMC €17

The Music Centre's new Friday night commitment to decent electronic music (house, techno, dnb) is starting the year in determined fashion with two signings from San Francisco's Om Records. The first is DJ Colette from Chicago. The former music teacher bought fellow Chicagoan DJ Sneak's old turntables as a teenager and started spinning as part of the female SuperJane collective (singing live over the mix a la Sonique). Her DJ style is an agreeable warm throb of gentle U.S. house. Compared to the hype of his appearance here at the Music Centre earlier this year, Detroit techno pioneer Juan Atkins making a lower profile return. By all accounts, he put in a solid performance but nothing to suggest he should be canonized just yet. Expect Motor City and European techno mixed well. Support TBC.

She's not bad, but Juan Atkins will still probably get more lecherous looks from the techno massive than DJ Colette

JOHN KELLY
SATURDAY 25 JANUARY
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

If, for some reason, John Kelly is ever asked to write his autobiography, it will probably be called How To Fuck Up Your Career In 10 Easy Steps. The man who was once voted third best DJ in the world (for what that's worth) has since seen his profile plummet. Recently Kelly has been going around saying things like: "musically, I like to think that I play a fairly indefinable blend of hard underground trance." Well, whatever it is, most other people have had no difficulty defining it as complete bollocks. The Temple Theatre seem to be the only venue in the country giving him gigs. Despite his notorious turkey of a Bank Holiday gig two years ago. Mixing standards weren't much higher than phenomenally low ticket sales as - in desperation - he whacked the Prodigy's Out Of Space into the middle of a diabolical trance set, much to the bemusement of the few people that were there. Great stuff. Support TBC.

EROL ALKAN
FRIDAY 31 JANUARY
RED BOX €15

For the curious few, the excitement generated by 110th Streets Return To New York night last month centered on Erol Alkan's debut Dublin appearance. So it was a pain in the hole to discover that the bootleg supremo had been double-booked by Bugged Out and wouldn't be appearing. Thankfully, he's been booked again at the earliest convenience and now has the night to himself. As Kurtis Rush, Alkan has towered over the viciously competitive bootleg scene with some pin-sharp mashups over the last year, the highlights of which include a famed merger between Destiny's Child and 10CC, and his inspired welding of Missy Elliot's One Minute Man to The Cure's Lovecats. As the promoter/resident DJ of T*R*A*S*H at The End, Alkan has won himself Best New Night and Best Breakthrough DJ awards from the dance rags. Tonight's a chance to see if the hype is real. Support from Cyril Briscoe.

Write for us. Mail clubbing@theslate.ie

MONDAYS

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG €7

Dependable 80s night with good music downstairs and a decent bar upstairs to sit and get pissed in. Last review September 2002

SWITCH
SLAM €7/4

Efforts are being made to get Switch back up on its feet, but this gay club is still the only mid-week night with a decent atmosphere. DJ Karen plays good house music to a loyal crowd of not-too-camp men and women. Rocky 3 Del Gadfly upstairs.
Last review September 2002

TUESDAYS

RIRA
BUMP 'N' HUSTLE €7

Fionn Davenport does the hip hop, rnb, and soul and soul thing as well as anyone in Dublin. Crowd are trendy enough, but ti's still a good night. Murfi upstairs.
Last reviewed July 2002

SPY
SUN ZOOM SPARK €7

Surprisingly enough, Tuesday nights sees this yuppie fleabag paradise invaded by a load of hippy-ish singer-songwriter types, who are allowed put on their records and play songs. Sounds alright. We'll check it out next month. Selected cocktails 2 for the price of one, 4 cocktail shots for a tenner.

Joe McGrath, techno resident at Swith on Tuesdays

SWITCH
TECHNO.IE €7

The recovery seems to be continuing at this long-running hard techno night. Residents Joe McGrath, GMcD and guests lash it out to people who don't need to use their brain the next day - or ever again, judging by the state of some of them. Some alco-pop called FCUK €2.50 a bottle.
Last review November 2002

TBMC
LO FAT €5

Improving numbers here still haven't reached critical mass yet. Tough enough dnb and some pretty good visuals in the main room, hip hop in the bar. As is the case at a lot of midweek Music Centre nights, they have a tendency to shut up shop way too fucking early.
Last review October 2002.

TIVOLI
FRIDGE LITE €10/5

Full-on gay night in the Francis St. barn with strippers on stage and really cheap-looking porn showing on screens all over the club. Plenty of well-dressed young chaps in attendance. Music is typical of the unimaginative shite that gets played in a lot of gay clubs.
Last review October 2002.

WEDNESDAYS

EAMON DORAN'S
RADIATOR €5

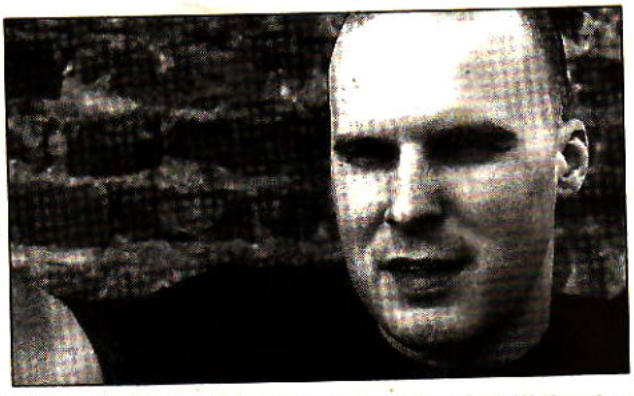
Alternative rock bash with various bands and DJ Trevor. One of only two survivors in a badly-needed cull of Eamon Doran's club nights.

FIREWORKS
ER €7/6 WITH STUDENT ID

New student night; same old formula: dodgy chart and rnb aimed at jockish lad students and their ditzy bird counterparts. Completely crap, but it's popular and they give away free holidays. FM104 DJs.
Last reviewed October 2002

THE GEORGE
SPACE 'N' VEDA €7 AFTER 10PM

Camp gay show with rnb afterwards. DJs Veda, Greg Delgado and Dandelion. Buy 2 Vodka Kicks and get one free



Cork's Stevie G is to be found langing around Rira's on Wednesdays

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK €6

One of those nights that has built up an unstoppable momentum over the years. Consistently good dub and reggae and quality guests mean that it's almost always packed. Some annoying hippy types there, but mostly the crowd is decent.
Last reviewed September 2002

POD
LOGIC €7

An alarming booze deal makes this night an instant attraction. Good music with Scott McNaughton and guests supplying house & techno through a fine sound system. You could certainly do worse. All drinks €1.90, Double Vodka & Redbull €6.40
Last review September 2002

RIRA
U-TURN €7

You'll find Cork Langsavage Stevie G playing his usual dependable rnb-oriented stuff downstairs, and Colm Kenefick does the business as his trusty sidekick. Brian Nevin is upstairs.

SWITCH
MELT €7

This house night appears to have got a surprising heave-ho from the topsy-turvy Eustace St. venue. We'll let you know what's replacing it in our next issue (that's in February by the way).

TBMC
BLITZ €6/5. STUD LADIES IN FREE BEFORE 12AM

Cheap and nasty student night featuring crap commercial 2FM DJs. Full of lads in shirts and shoes and birds in tit tops spilling cider down their cleavage. Dodgy Ibiza house in the main room, with mainly rnb hits in the other. Residents Mark McCrabies, Conor Gee, Ronan O, Martin C
Last reviewed October 2002

TEMPLE THEATRE
MIA €7/5
FREE B4 12.15/ W. GOLDCARD

It's CD DJing ahoy from main man Mark, who uses the real decks as an elbow rest. From this viewpoint, he stares glumly out at a packed house of students going crazy to the sound of Nelly, S Club 7 and the Wolf Tones. Rnb with Frank Jez downstairs. All longnecks €3.
Last reviewed October 2002

TIVOLI
GENIUS €8/7/5 STUDENTS

After a brief flirtation with terrible chart music, the promoters of Genius realised that they're better off getting the techno boys back in to lash out yoke tunes. Accordingly residents Warren K, Geoff Walters, Pete Loop and Richie Rock do the business well. All drinks 2 Euro.
Last review October 2002

WAX
SOUL RIOT €7/ FREE B4 11.30

Fucking mods. They're all over the place, getting in the way and annoying people. This night, in particular, is a strictly 70s haircuts and tight trousers affair. Soul, funk and the odd bit of indie from be-mulletted Gerry Molumby, Brian Harrington and Co. Doors open 10. Martin McCann in Spy. Selected cocktails €3.20 each, 4 cocktail shots for a tenner
Last review September 2002

email us some shiznit: clubbing@theslate.ie

THURSDAYS

COYOTE
BOOTY €6/5

DJ Pure Silk knocks out old school rnb, soul and other urban music at a club night we've never been to. We promised a proper review last month, but unfortunately we didn't bother our holes. Better luck next time.

EAMON DORAN'S
COMMON CURRENCY €7/5

Numbers are up and down, but when there's a crowd, it can be one of the most rocking mid-week nights around. A combination of rotating residents and interesting guests (Mundy played last month) generally knock out fairly well-known, good quality music. Dublin Brewing Company pints €3, selected shots €2.
Last reviewed November 2002

FIREWORKS
WARM UP €FREE

Another night we haven't been to, but it looks like a disgraceful pile of shit anyway. "Top DJs spinning the best in pop and dance" are what you'll find here. Fuck that shit. Review whenever we feel like having a bad time.

FRAZERS
UNITY €6

For some reason, almost all the reggae in Dublin seems to take place in about a square quarter mile at the top of O'Connell St. DJ Ram and Selector Dixi here provide an upbeat antidote to the dubfest across the road at Firehouse Skank. It all takes place in a tiny basement, which means it never really feels empty. Worth checking out.
Last reviewed October 2002

THE GEORGE
THE MISSING LINK €8 AFTER 10PM

Gay quiz with Annie Balls (weekly prize €400) followed by 'Songs from the Last Century' with DJ Stuart Jackson.

Let loose the dogs of war

POD
VIBE €8/7/5
LADIES FREE B4 MIDNIGHT

Frank Jez lashes out an agreeable mix of rnb and hip hop with the odd bit of garage thrown in. Almost always a good bet for a midweek night out. Dbl. vodka and Red Bull: €6.40. Pints of Miller €2.50
Last reviewed August 2002

REDBOX
REVOLVER €7/6

This shirtboy student night was shit last year - and unfortunately the Redbox revamp has done sweet fuck all to improve it. Cheesy motherfucking residents Al Gibbs and Ian Clarke play music which consists of dance hit medleys and remixes which will destroy every song you ever liked. €2 for selected pints, double vodka and Redbull €6.40. Review next month.

RIRA
FUNK OFF €8

Padraig Disconaut plays upstairs and Aran McMahon and guests are downstairs. Same as almost every other night in this place.

SPIRIT
RAPTURE €10/5

New student night at this oversized strip bar. Fucking rammed with annoying pissed students being good and patronising to the immigrants in the bogs. Music is quite shit too, but could take a less headwrecking turn with the arrival of indy heads like Leagues and Chicks on Decks.
Last review: November 2002

SWITCH
BAM BAM €7

Some signs of life from this Power FM night which usually features tough tech and tribal house from Graham Keely. You can also expect to hear a decent roster of guests from the radio station. Hopefully the numbers will keep up here. If so it has the makings of a good night. pints €1.90, all shots €2.50.
Last reviewed November 2002

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50

Rocker disco at which local indie band members turn up and force their record collections on people with dodgy mod haircuts and an aversion to repetitive beats. Generally the atmosphere is good, even if numbers vary. DJs Nutcase, Madouva, Swench and Benny Hill are the regulars.
Last reviewed August 2002.

TIVOLI
DISCOBALL €5 STUDENT

As cheesy a cunting night as you are likely to find in any venue that calls itself a dance music club. Like a lot of these student clubs, it seems to specialise in completely random dance music bootlegs, which generally leave you crawling around on the floor with your hands in your ears.
Last reviewed November 2002.

VOODOO
RISE €6/5

Some new night from Evening Herald man Ben Carvosso, a specialist in clubs which usually last about three weeks. We'll review it for the next issue if it's still going.

WAX
SOUL PATROL €7 / FREE B4 11.30

A good selection of DJs, including Padraig Disconaut, Nello Romano, Keith Dalton, Anthony Mooney, Stef Hoffman, Padraig Disconaut and Billy Scurry play excellent deep house in what is Wax's best night. Various cunts play upstairs in Spy. Too posy for many, but catch it on the right night and it's excellent.
Last review: October 2002

FRIDAYS

FIREWORKS
REFUEL AFTER WORK €5 AFTER 11

Cheesy shithole with bad music and an even worse crowd.

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

Salsa, funk and soul flavoured night. A large crowd of old and rather dismal people attend, there are loads of different rooms to get lost in and it goes on very late by Irish standards (4am). Go and have a joint in the theatre area, but don't get caught or they'll fuck you out.
Last review November 2002

ISAAC BUTT
SUPREME €FREE

John Colbert lays on well-known indie hits to a young crowd who are several steps of drunkenness beyond being even remotely self-conscious. Definitely worth a visit if you like a nice mouldy session of getting messy and listening to the Stones, Strokes, Smiths, etc. Last reviewed October 2002.

LOWER DECK
BALLROOM OF ROMANCE

Interesting looking live music night, where they give you a CD on the way in which has a track by each band playing. Review next time.

Website of the month

This month's modesty award goes to DJ Bubbles and his new website. Launched only a few weeks ago, it features pictures of this Carlow DJ in nice tight t-shirts, lots of ugly Irish clubbers and the most outrageously conceited rubbish every to have been written about a not-particularly-well-known Irish DJ. Some especially humble quotes include:

- 'Every tune dropped, each twist of a knob and every gesture to the crowd is greeted with screams of elation and shouts of delight from those who have chosen to join him on this journey'
- **'Wherever you turn you are greeted with smiling faces, bodies moving, grooving. beautiful people dancing to beautiful music: - "this is how it should be", you think to yourself.'**
- 'Everyone knows him, and most speak of him more of a friend than a dj. ask any clubber about bubbles, and smiles start appearing on faces. faces lit up by reminiscence of nights past. nights etched in memories like grooves on vinyl.'

If you're into reading more about how DJ Bubbles is God, check out www.djbubbles.com

SATURDAYS

COYOTE
JUICE €10 AFTER 11

Nasty enough on a Saturday night, this place, full of people of mediocre character drowning their sorrows.

FIREWORKS
THE MAIN EVENT €5 AFTER 11

More poxy crap from this place.

FRAZERS
DOMINION €6

Goth disco with lots of people in leather costumes and white makeup getting ratarsed on cider. Various DJs play.

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

Another late night in this venue, derelict of atmosphere and in need of a bit of a makeover. Salsa, funk and soul played to a jaded crowd of hippies and suits. Last review October 2002

THE GEORGE
NO NAME €10 AFTER 10

DJ Karen from 8 - 10, Stuart Jackson from 10 til late play in this, Dublin's biggest, sweatiest and most lecherous gay venue.

ISAAC BUTT
PANIC €FREE

Indie from Andy Colbert. A young, first-year-in-college crowd of nerds and rockers heads along. Generally they have a good time, and worth heading along to if you're into that kind of thing. Last review October 2002

POD
ART €13/10

Very good deep house night which continues to pack them in. The atmosphere is relaxed but still up for it, and residents Shane Johnson, Anthony Mooney and Billy Scurry in particular have been knocking together great sets. Well worth checking out. Last review November 2002.

REDBOX
H2O €15/€20 WITH INT. GUEST

This night is generally reserved for big-name foreign guests of all varieties - check once off listings for more details. The Irish residents are Robbie Butler, Bubbles, Eoghan Young and Shay Hannon.

RIRA
FRISKY DISCO €10

A ruthless policy of jazz, soul & funk and hip hop music is almost never deviated from in this place. There's a alightly housier feel on Saturdays, apparently and it's generally a good night. Emma C downstairs and Dave Cleary upstairs. Last review April 2002.

SPI
SHAKE IT €12

The house outfit Bodytonic have just moved their Saturday residency from shitty Mollys to this more suitable venue. Deep and quality house is what you'll get from residents Tayor, Brian Chamberlain, Stephen Flynn and the rest. We'll have a review of it in our next issue.

SPIRIT
REVELATION €20

Pretty much the same deal as on Friday - see our previous review. Mark Lowdnes, Chris Brown, Martin McCann, Noel Phelan, Rory Pierce, Half-naked arseholes.

SWITCH
TURN IT ON €13/12

Progressive house DJ Nick Corrigan is at the helm here. The music varies from dull enough tribal house to more up-for-it tracks, and while he mixes well, it's not a spectacularly good night musically. It goes on late enough, though and the numbers aren't bad. Last review October 2002.

SUGAR CLUB
€15

Various live acts play followed by late DJs. Doors at 8.30pm. The seating arrangement and stage make this more suited for performances than as a nightclub. More info next issue.

TEMPLE THEATRE
ESCAPE €16

The big hard house and trance night in the city, with big name guests dropping by to keep the pillhead kids happy. Jay Pidgeon, Ken Tobin and DJ Orbit are the residents upstairs, and Marty Sheridan and Sam Lowther play the crypt downstairs.

THE VAULTS
PLAYAZ BALL €8 AFTER 10

Rnb night in this new venue right in the heart of cunt-land: the IFSC. Resident Tony D's lack of mixing skills and judgement means he's a master when it comes to clearing the dancefloor, so this already looks like an unsafe bet. Proper review next issue.

VOODOO
PLAYAZ BALL €8 AFTER 10

Rnb from DJ Funkmaster Lee, a sharp DJ and energetic MC who does a good job of getting the crowd going. Pity this place is such a kip. Selected cocks and pints €3.50, selected shots €2.50 between 4 & 8pm. Last review July 2002

WAX
NYLON €12/11 AFTER 10PM

Breaks, house and other bits and bobs from Residents Trixton, Nik James, Arveene (below) and Scotland McNaughton - worth a look, even if the bouncers can be arseholes.

Too hush hush! Club Gossip

by Stick the Knife

Apparently the U2 owned Kitchen nightclub is to reopen for a one-off event on December 5th. This glorious occurence is happening because those well-known lovers of dance music, Vodaphone wanted somewhere to launch their poxy picture taking phones. This invite-only event is sure to be filled with only the worst people in town. Certain 'movers and shakers' from Dublin have been given one of these gimmicky pieces of shit and asked to take photographs of the ten people they want to bring along with them. It sounds like no fun, and to make matters worse, Pete Tong will be playing there on the night ...

... Ham promoter Tonie Walsh has walked out of the general manager job he took up in Switch only a few short weeks ago. The renovations that were taking place there are going as slowly as ever and the toilets are blocking up again, and it looks increasingly less likely that the kip will ever scale it's former glories ...

Tonie Walsh: Switching jobs

... Scandalous rumours have been doing the rounds on certain bitchy club message boards that one of the residents from the legendary Body and Soul club night in New York will be paying a visit to these shores this month ...

... Criminal K, well known as a jungle MC and sometime DJ for Dublin's Bassbin outfit has thrown in the towel and given up both drum and bass and rapping.

FOR THE SECOND TIME THIS YEAR, WE WOULD LIKE TO WISH EVERYBODY A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

SUNDAYS

COYOTE
FRESH 'N' FUNKY WITH CONC, €8 AFTER — **FREE B4 12**

Respectable enough rnb 'from the London Crew' the PR blurb says, despite the fact that residents Stevie G and Al Murray are not from there. The venue isn't great but the mixed crowd seem to get pretty well into it. Last reviewed: September 2002

THE GEORGE
BINGO SUNDAY — **€7 AFTER 10**

Shirley Temple Bar hosts this well liked gay variety show, which sees quite a few staights tag along for the laugh. Head along if you're looking for a change from the usual club fodder. She's Followed by DJ Fluffy.

INTERNATIONAL
LAZYBIRD — **€4**

Shambling but excellent leftfield electronica in the upstairs section of an auld lads bar. Live acts generally perform from around eight or nine, and a DJ follows. Well worth heading up there for a pint.

POD
LOVE DANCIN — **€9**

Good end-of-week session in the Pod with Billy Scurry, Nello Romano, Stiff Hoffman, Muggy and others. The music ranges from deep to tech house. Last reviewed September 2002.

RIRA
TAIL SPIN — **€7**

Newly named night with Karlito and DJ Pete Pamf shpinning de funk, soul, hip hop and rnb. Same old Rira's - no surprises, but rarely dissappoints.

Say hello to the Slate's clubbing section: clubbing@theslate.ie

Stef Hoffman - plays in the POD on Sundays

SWITCH
FOOT FETISH — **€8/6 AFTER 11**

All shades of house from Tonie Walsh and Sean hand, with tranny Sax player Beverly and Jason Bongo Williams also joining in. The numbers are generally respectable, so it's a good place for that last weekend hurrah. Last review September 2002.

VOODOO
CBGBS — **€3**

Country, bluegrass and blues night.

WAX
HILTON EDWARDS — **€8**

The music can get a bit noodly but there generally tend to be loads of people here and few dirty old men. Last reviewed February 2002.

Promoters! Send info about your events and clubs to clubbing@theslate.ie

DJ Bar Listings

BODKINS
BOLTON ST, D1

Wednesday: Open Mic Night
Thursday: Defective Collective (Open Mic Night)
Friday: Bleep - Decal and guests (electronica)
Saturday: Let Loose / Recreate SIM promotions (electro/techno)
Sunday: Easy Listening Vinyl in association with PhantomFM /Psychonavigation records

THOMAS HOUSE
THOMAS ST., D8

Monday: Vibrator (Ambient electronica, live Sets, Guest DJs)
Tuesday: Ohmbrew (electro/techno & cutting edge underground beats)
Wednesday: Alternating fortnightly between Dubfactor (reggae) and Thomas Mouse (funk/electronica)
Thursdays: Neuromantek (electro) upstairs every week/ Fatty Fatty & Spin Cycle alternating fortnightly downstairs
Fridays: Savage Banter & The Gappy Foundation (Funky tunes, Guest DJs, Projections)
Saturday: Alternating fortnightly between Monkey Tennis (Stupid party music for girls) and Thomas the Skank Engine (Funky Sounds and Cheesy tunes)
Sundays: Crimewave & Snuggle (60s garage, alternative rock, Boogiebeats)

DICE BAR
BENBURB ST, D7

Friday: Hells Kitchen - DJs Claire K and Pete Pamf (funk, soul, classics)
Saturday: Promised Land - Poppy and Tarquin
Sunday: Poison - DJ Ram (reggae)
Monday: Graemo Show - Graham Oakley (Phantom FM)
Tuesday: Fromage - Bronagh Gallagher, Nina Hynes, Colm Q, Jack L
Wednesday: Butterfly Rock (Live songwriters session hosted by Lazie with DJ Racket)
Thursday: Donal Scannell

HANDEL'S
CHRISTCHURCH, D2

Friday: Rohan (Mixed Bag)
Saturday: DJ Kevin and DJ Dara (Hip Hop, Jazz, Funk)
Sunday: Ciaran and Miller from 6-9/ Colin, Steve and Co from 9-12 (all kinds of technological music)
Monday: Open Deck
Tuesday: Joy with Joy and Soul Sister (Classic Soul, Jazz, Funk)
Wednesday: Ollie Moore (Electro, breaks, beats, reggae)
Thursday: Rocky T Delgado (Electro, eclectic funk, indie and progressive house)

GUBU
CAPEL ST, D1

Friday: Kajagubu - Mark Kelly
Sunday: Jazz Action Live Jazz band from 5-7, Marion doing tarot readings
Monday: Ha Ha - Declan Rooney & Eddie Naessens (Comedy Club)
Tuesday: The Company (eight piece jazz band)
Wednesday: G-spot with Busty (Variety show open mic- singers and guest artists)

SOLAS (FORMERLY MODERN GREEN BAR)
WEXFORD ST, D2

Monday: NY Dream DJ Competition
Tuesday: Fressstyle
Wednesday: Aoife Ni Canna
Thursday: Pete Pamf
Friday: Fionn Davenport
Saturday: Morgan
Sunday: Mark Kelly

VIVA
SOUTH WILLIAM ST, D2

Thursday: Simon F (breaks)
Friday: Eddie Lennon
Saturday: Ben Carvosso

Live Music

BLONDIE
MONDAY 02 DECEMBER
VICAR STREET **€50**

Anyone enjoying even a passing acquaintance with Blondie's back catalogue would find it difficult to be mean spirited about them. With solid new wave credentials and impeccable New York cool they plundered several sources - reggae, 60s girlbands and even the burgeoning hip hop scene - to score a succession of classic hit singles such as Heart Of Glass and Atomic. And now Blondie's pop kudos have recently been reaffirmed by Atomic Kitten's butchering of The Tide Is High. A veteran Playboy bunny, Debbie Harry was no spring chicken when the band got together in 1975. Twenty year after they originally split up she's absolutely fucking ancient. And the 1998 single Maria might have been a hit but the album No Exit was really appalling. Still, if you're happy to pay good money to see the haggard ruminants of a once cool band running through their greatest hits then you won't be disappointed.

TOM MCRAE
TUESDAY 03 DECEMBER
WHELANS **€15**

Fucking David Gray. Harmless as he is, he opened the door for a raft of male singer songwriters who until recently looked like they were going to take over the world. In contrast to Gray's mature student with a hangover act, Suffolk-born McRae sports the soap opera baddie look, a superficial calm, barely concealing his desire to pimp your sister out his scumbag mates. Well that's provided his publicity photographs are anything to go by. McRae released his eponymous debut album two years ago to widespread (but short-lived) acclaim. There's actually no evidence that he's recorded anything since then. He's no stranger to Whelans having supported his friends Bell X1 here a couple of months ago.

MICHELLE SHOCKED - THE NO BUSH WAR TOUR
TUESDAY 03 DECEMBER
AMBASSADOR **€29.20**

No matter what her 80s alternative rock credentials would suggest, it's hard to get around the former Michelle Johnston's stupid stage name. It would seem to have been chosen using the same rational Principle Skinner used when naming the B-Sharps (amusing at first but less amusing with each repeated hearing) with the added bonus of being easily adaptable for zippy album titles like Short Sharp Shocked and (surely some day) Electro-Shocked. Hailing from east Texas, Michelle Shocked has long been as involved in feminist and environmentalist protest politics as she was in folk music. She now brings her No Bush War Tour to Dublin with long-term collaborator Fiachna O'Braonain of Hothouse Flowers on guitar. And if those last two sentences don't put you off going...

MANIC STREET PREACHERS
SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
TBMC **€15**

SO THIS is how it ends. The Manics / Carling Greatest Hits tour, a coffee table photo book and a Best Of album out just in time for Christmas. Anyone still debating whether the Manic Street Preachers have sold out is an idiot. This group were, hard to believe now, once famous for their uncompromising marriage of punk and politics. Now they're about as dangerous as the RTE Guide.

The band and their hardcore following seem to attribute this to what Nicky Wire calls the Ford Mondeo men - a plague of MOR rock fans that attached itself to the band around the time of Everything Must Go and have refused to let go. But in truth, if you exclude The Holy Bible (recorded at the time of 'guitarist' Richey Edwards' ultimately unsuccessful battle with alcohol, bulimia and depression), each Manics album has outdone the last in its stadium-sized bombast. By their last effort the band were dressed in military fatigues and hob-nobbing with Fidel Castro (a man who knows a thing or two about putting self interest ahead of high ideals himself) while promoting an album of Beach Boys parodies and disco numbers.

It's no crime to mellow as you get older. Nor is it a crime to acquire boorish fans in the process of being successful. Most bands avoid the Manics conundrum by either not setting themselves these hard-to-live-up-to rules or

Sellout fucks

sticking to them if they do. The ridiculousness of the Carling Greatest Hits tour is entirely of their own making. Support act Ian Brown has played here twice already this year and his live act, we can confirm, does not grow on you. His solo carry on, no matter how many chances you give it, remains shit. Stay at home.

NICKELBACK
THURSDAY 05 DECEMBER
POINT THEATRE **€33.50**

Nickelback are businesslike purveyors of what is known on North America's ultra-streamlined airwaves as Modern Rock. They leapt to fame this summer with the Big Brother contestant-endorsed How You Remind Me and followed it up with the nauseating Heroes from the Spiderman soundtrack. Frontman Chad Kroeger - whose goatee beard, blow-dried locks and stupid name would make him ideal for the role of maverick single parent in some shitty TV3 sitcom - earnestly attributes the success of How You Remind me to the fact that it has three (count them!) hooks. A clinical analysis of the lowest common denominator, befitting his background as an ad man. Their breakthrough album Silver Side Up is proof that awareness of the public appetite for the airing of dirty linen has filtered down to the furthest reaches of the lobotomised mainstream. Its songs of childhood trauma are so soulless and dislikeable that - joking aside - the listener cannot help but identify sympathetically with his abusers. The unpleasant experience of them at Slane 2002 looks likely to be repeated tonight at the Point.

THE DAMNED
FRIDAY 06 DECEMBER
TBMC **€20**

Those who know the name of Captain Sensible only from his chirpy rendition of Happy Talk (a song from the movie South Pacific) might be surprised to hear of his other musical exploits as a founding member of punk band The Damned. Reputed to have introduced the charming concept of gobbing on audience members, this band frequently ended their gigs by setting the drum kit alight. Their best-known song New Rose was their first single, and provided some relief from the artificiality of the Sex Pistols and the hyper-political music of the Clash. They were much more fun and had a satisfyingly odd Gothic element. But, like all punk bands, they made some extremely dodgy music while going through several break-ups and changes of personnel. A good opportunity to see some fucked-up punk casualties trying to spit as far as the stage

THE CRANBERRIES

SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
TBMC €15

ALTHOUGH IT was far too airy-fairy to live up to its rather cool title, tonight's support act Woodstar's Time To Bleed EP was a promising debut that suggested a number of influences - from Spiritualized (Sorry Skin) to the Beatles (She Catches.) It brought them to the attention of Stephen Street, with whom they recorded the more convolutedly titled follow-up The Last Sad Verse Of A Dumb Punk Song EP.

Unfortunately the producer of all your classic Blur and Smiths albums would seem to have been instructed to make it sound as much as possible like Mercury Rev's Deserter's Songs - a great album but one that doesn't need another second-rate rehashing. These Scars (Hot Press Song Of The Year runner-up 2000) is still their best moment.

Still, Woodstar are far from being the worst Limerick band Street has worked with. The Cranberries came to prominence almost a decade ago when their first two Street-produced albums were hugely successful in America. (Why this prompted anyone in Ireland to reverse their original, long-held and instinctively low opinion of the band is unclear.) When peace broke out in Northern Ireland as a direct consequence of their monster hit Zombie, Dolores O'Riordan realised she had found her calling: to be the warbling voice of a generation.

The joke has long since ceased to be funny. Of the 16 million people who bought their albums less than a dozen still admit to it. The three members who aren't Dolores usually pretend that they made their money in a Lotto syndicate. It's all over bar the obligatory greatest hits tour and they don't need us digging up the comic highlights again.

Oh go on then, just the one: "Bosnia was so unkind, Sarajevo changed my mind... Traboo, traboo, traboo" Cheerio then, you fucking lunatic.

The Cranberries: did more for the peace process than John Hume

DAMIEN RICE

SATURDAY 07/MONDAY 09 DECEMBER
OLYMPIA €18-20

Things are starting to happen for Damien Rice. His long awaited debut album, o - featuring the single The Blowers Daughter and the David Arnold-produced Amie - has gone platinum with sales of 15,000. He made his British television debut on Later With Jools Holland last month and now plays three nights at Olympia - a venue he first sold out over a year ago. "o recorded itself, I obeyed" is the ex Juniper frontman's bizarre claim but he's not getting away with it that easily. He is as bland live as he is on CD, and these gigs are not recommended. Support comes from Liverpudlian songwriter Kathryn Williams who brings the total number of former Mercury prize nominees playing in Dublin this month to 5,231.

THE APES

SUNDAY 08 DECEMBER
WHELANS €14.50

Washington DC punks The Apes formed back in 1999 with the aim of "uniting great warlords, absorbing rogue factions, and educating red-handed guerrilla bands with a passionately wayward rock." And sure enough their drummer Jeff is the spit of Niall Connolly from that other red-handed guerrilla band the Columbia Three. In the current climate of course they might have won their instruments in a raffle and they'd still have been the vanguard of the New Rock Revolution, in the minds of the increasingly unhinged NME anyway. Support comes from Seattle's Alta May whose We As In Us album has been compared to the Melvins and Queens Of The Stone Age.

FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS

TUESDAY 10-THURSDAY 12 DECEMBER
OLYMPIA €33.50

Professional Noo Yawker Huey Morgan gets another chance to check up on his Dublin investment portfolio when the Fun Lovin' Criminals arrive for two nights at the Olympia this month. When American bands find greater success and acclaim on this side of the Atlantic, it is usually because their music is too sharp or too subtle for Stateside consumption. With the FLC the opposite is the case. For the Yanks, Morgan's lounge crooner / wiseguy routine is as transparently fake as the leprechaun from the Lucky Charms ads is to us. As is the case with Robbie Williams, Huey's ability to raise just one eyebrow at a time has widely been mistaken for charisma. Maybe the fucker won't look so smug when the Trade Descriptions people get onto him about the band's so-called greatest hits album Bag Of Hits

These days, he's the King Of New Pork

JOSH RITTER

THURSDAY 12 DECEMBER
VICAR STREET €15

Such is the promise of twenty-four year old Idaho native Josh Ritter that he returns to Dublin only two months after selling out a gig in the TBMC. Ritter's latest album, The Golden Age of Radio earned him wonderful reviews in the Irish press, which mentioned him in the same breath as many folk and country greats, from Johnny Cash to Bob Dylan, and Nick Drake to Will Oldham. Indeed, the fact that he has the same gentle voice and floppy-haired good looks as Drake has led to many flattering comparisons. Where Drake's music was calm and beautifully rounded, Ritter's has more of an edge. Guitars are sometimes bashed violently where Drake would have plucked delicately. Support comes in the shape of excellent Scottish folkster James Yorkston (who also played here not so long ago).

Ritter Sweet Symphony

GOMEZ
FRIDAY 13 DECEMBER
AMBASSADOR €29.20-31.20

Since their Mercury Prize winning album Bring It On, the stock of Gomez has apparently slid somewhat. They have been prolific, releasing three albums in the intervening four years, but their profile has never been as high as it was at the time when the warped sound of Whippin' Piccadilly caught most people's attention. Gomez' scruffy, slightly crusty sound belies the fact that they are really a bunch of bookish nerds who owe a great debt to the likes of Captain Beefheart, Bob Dylan and the Beatles. That their music hasn't changed at all since that first album may go some way to explain their growing anonymity in the face of some genuine talent. Their loose, experimental approach to music is reflected on stage, and can be quite entertaining, with band members swapping instruments, and that dude who sounds like Tom Waits growling like some food has gone down the wrong way.

DOVES
FRIDAY 13 DECEMBER
OLYMPIA €28.20

As Christmas rolls around you can expect to see Doves latest album, The Last Broadcast rank high in critics' album of the year polls. The chart-topping follow up to Lost Souls has already yielded three hit singles and a Mercury prize nomination, as well as giving its name to Dave Fanning's new TV show. Doves have even made modest inroads in America after relentless touring with the likes of Oasis and Coldplay. Band members Jimi Goodwin and Jez and Andy Williams had a handbag disco hit as Sub Sub with Ain't No Love, Ain't No Use in 1993 before making the unusual switch from dance to rock music, forming Doves in 1997. Lost Souls and The Last Broadcast are both good albums but there is the suspicion that the band have pitched themselves a little too neatly between the gloomy portentousness of Radiohead and the acoustic chirpiness of Travis. There Goes The Fear was certainly one a summer indie anthem, but other songs in their repetoire are distinctly underwhelming.

Dove Luck

JOAN OF ARSE
FRIDAY 13 DECEMBER
WHELANS €7

If you still haven't gotten over the Smiths' breakup, this is the gig for you. However, those who've left their sensitive college days behind them probably want to give these losers a wide berth. Despite their five or so years together performing and recording, JoA has never gotten any better than mediocre. Lead singer The Bearded Lady writes lyrics so ironically maudlin that even Smog wouldn't touch them with a ten-foot pole. You wonder if he has to hide behind one of the stupidest pseudonyms ever in order to prevent people from torching his house and ridding Dublin of his incessant mopery. Do everyone a favour and skip this; maybe he'll finally take the hint and go away.

NEW MODEL ARMY
SATURDAY 14 DECEMBER
TBMC €20

Last time Justin O'Sullivan - a.k.a. Slade the Leveller - played Dublin (only a couple of months ago in Whelans) we took the piss out of him for being a middle aged hippy from a band no one under 35 has ever heard of. True and all as that remains, the NMA embark on this seven date European tour of admittedly intimate venues such as the TBMC confident that the every night will be a sell out. Maybe it's the crumbling economy or maybe it's the war looming in the middle east but it seems that crusty left-wing claptrap is on the rise again. The band will be running through Vengeance and other highlights from their twenty-year career

YOUSSON N'DOUR
MONDAY 16 DECEMBER
NATIONAL STADIUM €16

While the cynical might dismiss him as the pop world's token African, there is no doubting the massive influence Youssou N'Dour has had on artists such as Paul Simon and Peter Gabriel (with whom he co-wrote the 1996 hit 'Shakin the Tree). Best known for 'Seven Seconds' with Nina Simone, and despite these dodgy alliances, N'Dour has been one of the third world's most successful exports in the Western World. His live reputation is excellent, mixing traditional Senegalese m'balax with influences ranging from Cuban samba to hip-hop, jazz and soul. At the core of any performance though is his remarkable five octave voice, which is heavily influenced by his traditional Senegalese training. While not for everyone, this show is well worth a look.

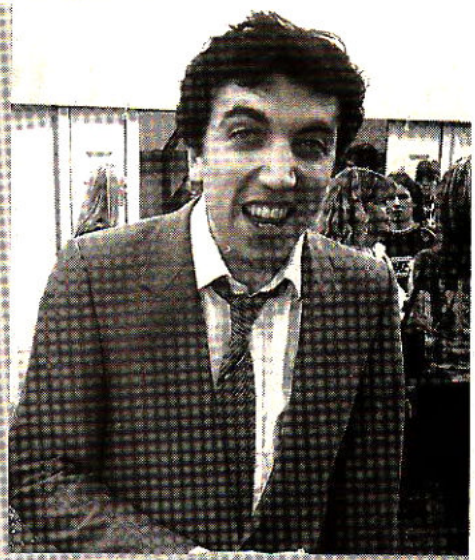
DAVID KITT
SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
TBMC €15

ANY LADS out there who are looking to score with some female Arts students would be well advised to go to this gig. Head straight for the front row, chaps, where you'll find a glut of them staring doe-eyed at the stage, with only the odd glance away to finish rolling up another crumpled cigarette or re-water their herbal teabags. Thankfully, though, there's more than boring bedsit ballads on offer here. What you'll get is one of the most interesting Irish musicians performing at the moment.

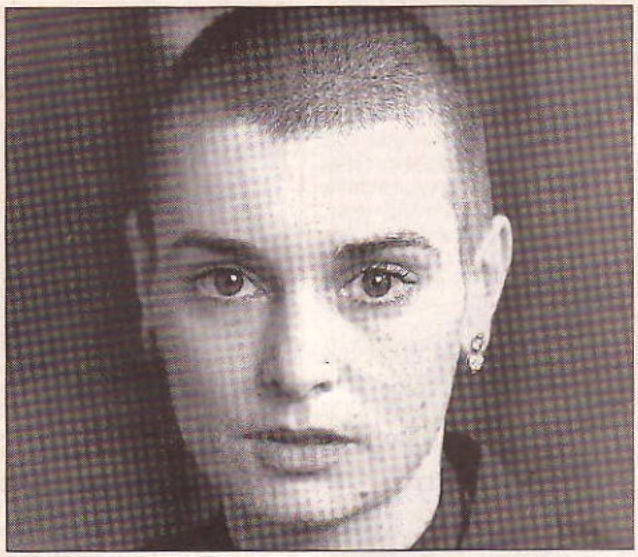
When David Kitt's first collection of songs, Small Moments, came out in 2001, he was regularly asked by interviewers to talk about the similarities between himself and David Gray. This perceived likeness presumably arose from the fact that both were, broadly speaking, singer-songwriters who used electronic sounds and beats in their music. However, whereas Kitt's use of sound technology gives his music an astonishing depth and texture, Gray's digital dabbling comes across as gimmicky and sounds like it's been stuck onto the rest of his music with a piece of chewing gum. In tone also, the two differ strongly, with the Welshman's annoying epic whine contrasting starkly with the understated range that Kitt has learned to navigate so effectively.

The melodic invention, home-recorded charm and devastatingly simple lyrics of Small Moments quickly won Kitt a large following over here. When the Big Romance (his first full-length release) came out last year, it initially sounded as though he had sacrificed some of that melodic punch in favour of slick production. In fact, it quickly emerges that this second release is a far more sophisticated collection of music, using improved studio resources to blend all of Kitt's musical inventiveness into a coherent whole

Live, his normally downtempo sound is ratcheted up to keep things busy, but you can still expect to hear him mumbling, half to himself, about bits of equipment not working, what happened that joint that was going around the stage, and other things that most artists usually keep to themselves during a performance.



The ladies love David's impression of a Munster politician



SINEAD O CONNOR
FRIDAY 17 JANUARY
POINT THEATRE €34-37.50

Having sold out Vicar St. recently, our old friend Sinead O'Connor looks to the Point next. While her latest album, Sean Nos Nua has been receiving subdued appraisals, live reviews all around the country have been much more positive. Gone is the 'unnecessary ornamentation' - as the Irish Times put it - of the studio material. Instead her undeniably great voice gets a chance to shine in the live setting. Thus we can at least deduce that if her brain doesn't appear to be working, her vocal chords are in fine fettle. How the show will translate to Ireland's worst venue is unclear, though and the Point's notoriously shit sound system and bleak atmosphere won't do her any favours.

COUNTING CROWS
SATURDAY 18 JANUARY
POINT THEATRE €39.50-41.50

The unimaginative Counting Crowes roll into town to go over the ground that a miriad of blues rock bands covered back in the seventies. As well as their music being lifted directly from a different era, the band themselves emerged with their loathesome hit 'Mr Jones' when bluesy guitar solos and angsty lyrics were all the rage - back in the days when people didn't laugh at Eddie Vedder and the Stone Temple Pilots were popular. But while these middle of the road grunge bands appealed to ugly teenagers with skanky hair, Counting Crowes appealed to their hippy/yuppy parents, and consequently sold a disgusting amount of albums. Their heyday may be gone, and they've only ever made mediocre music, but this'll still pull a crowd.

TEENAGE FANCLUB
WEDNESDAY 29 JANUARY
AMBASSADOR €20

The trickle of '90s bands rush-releasing greatest hits packages in light of the sudden realisation that their popularity has dramatically slumped has lately turned into a deluge. But while this rescheduled gig is ostensibly to promote 4,766 Seconds (their Best Of), it would be unfair to lump the Fannies in alongside Pulp, the Manics, etc. Despite their cameo appearance in Kurt Cobain's diaries, Teenage Fanclub were never particularly famous or fashionable and thus are not subject to the whims of either. They plough a lonely furrow of jangly indie-pop that never makes the headlines but - as their recent successful record and tour with Jad Fair proved - continues to earn them the respect of a small but loyal fanbase. Drummer Francis MacDonald picking up the £1,000 Small Business Young Music Professional Award for his Shoeshine Records label this summer was pretty much the exception that proves the rule.

LOW
FRIDAY 31 JANUARY
AMBASSADOR €24.50

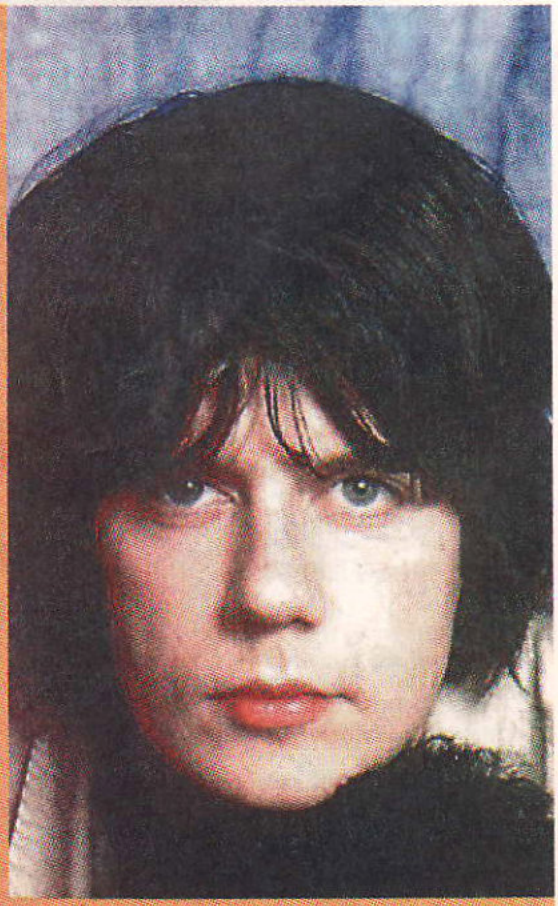
Having sold out Vicar St. recently, our old friend Sinead O'Connor looks to the Point next. While her latest album, Sean Nos Nua has been receiving subdued appraisals, live reviews all around the country have been much more positive. Gone is the 'unnecessary ornamentation' - as the Irish Times put it - of the studio material. Instead her undeniably great voice gets a chance to shine in the live setting. Thus we can at least deduce that if her brain doesn't appear to be working, her vocal chords are in fine fettle. How the show will translate to Ireland's worst venue is unclear, though and the Point's notoriously shit sound system and bleak atmosphere won't do her any favours.well past their best.

JOHN SQUIRE
SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
TBMC E15

ON THE basis of the solo careers of the two driving forces behind the Stone Roses, it is a complete fucking mystery how they ever managed to produce anything which was any good. While everyone knew that Ian Browne didn't have a note of music in his head and applauded him for even trying to go it alone, there was much disappointment at John Squire's dire post-Stone Roses output.

For The Second Coming and the Seahorses' Do It Yourself album, the dullard's favourite perfected the trick of playing lots of notes on his guitar without making any music. However, the notion that he really has no ideas of his own - first detected in his shameless Jackson Pollock rip-off paintings - was truly manifested in the debut solo album he released a month or two ago. A truly leaden affair, it is made up for the most part of middle of the road pub rock, perfect for those sensitive soccer hooligans waiting for the next Oasis album to come along.

What crowns it all is his singing voice, which sounds like Richard Ashcroft trying to do John Lennon. Live, he's resorted to performing Stone Roses songs, so you can safely assume he's a spent force.



The Turd Coming

THE POWERPUFF GIRLS

DIRECTOR:CRAIG MCCRACKEN
STARRING (THE VOICES OF):TARA STRONG, CATHERINE CAVADINI, E.G. DAILY
RELEASED: 20 DECEMBER

A LITTLE girl at the press screening for this film bursts through the exit doors of the cinema ahead of her Dad as the credits roll, squealing "that was SUPER!". Too fucking right it was. The feature film adventure of Cartoon Network's favorite mini-heroines is a life-affirming explosion of pure sugar and spice which boldly succeeds where other high-profile cartoon adaptions have gone up their animated holes. The story is kindly pipe-smoking egghead Professor Utonium invents three perfect little girls, in the hopes of making his native Townsville a better place. A sneaky drop of Chemical X in the recipe gives the girls superpowers which, naturally, they use for bombing around having mega-fun every day. Until they cause $25 million worth of damage to the town by playing tag among the sky-scrapers. They get banished to the ghetto where they are befriended by a hobo monkey. Little do they realise he's going to use them to take over the world, which - of course - they end up having to save. If the plot sounds like spurious nonsense, that's because it's only there to facilitate all the crash-bang action and quickfire surreal humour that the film is really about. It's like a glorious compendium of all the best cartoons with the breakneck pace of The Simpsons, the anarchy of early Animaniacs, a regular jolt of clever humour hidden in the slapstick and far from dragging its heels across a full length movie, it seems to finish before you know it.

The three little sluts in question

EIGHT WOMEN

DIRECTOR:FRANCOIS OZON
STARRING:CATHERINE DENEUVE, VIRGINIE LEDOYEN
RELEASED:29 NOVEMBER

Eight Women sees a collection of French ladies tarted up to varying degrees and shacked up for an evening in an isolated house. Far from the expected bouts of frogs legs and fisting, what materialises is a captivating murder mystery. All eight ladies are suspects in the murder of the father of the house and in trying to find out whodunnit we witness the mood descend into good old unrelenting bitchiness. This film abounds in style. It is a refreshing dialogue driven drama smacks more of good theatre than most recent cinema. If there's a quibble it's the director's insistence on interrupting the dialogue with annoying musical set-pieces . Overall though, the plot plays beautifully from character to character and maintains your interest until the mystery is finally solved. It may not have the ingenuity wowed us with Amelie but this is still classic French cinema.

ENOUGH

DIRECTOR:MICHAEL APTED
STARRING: JENNIFER LOPEZ, BILLY CHAPMAN
RELEASED: 29 NOVEMBER

Fine timing that Jennifer Lopez - whose extensive entourage are apparently instructed never to make eye contact with her - suddenly pops up on our screens as a beat down housewife in this film. Her recent single Jenny On The Block is at pains to convince us that she's not in fact the worst kind of modern showbiz monster but just a 'hoodrat with a heart of gold. Enough plays along with this farce. Lopez plays streetwise Slim, a streetwise latina dreaming about a handsome prince to take her away from her depressing shit life. When construction millionaire Mitch (Billy Campbell) shows up in the diner she slaves at with his square-jawed good looks and sweeps her off her feet, it seems like the dreaming's paid off. Except that once they're married and she drops a sprog, he reveals himself to be a bully who beats her and openly cheats on her, while obsessively spying on her to make sure she isn't repaying the compliment. Enough becomes enough. Slim makes off with her daughter, Mitch chases. With his money and connections he cuts off all escape. So, she naturally becomes a hi-tech, kung fu cat burglar, breaking into his ugly yuppie gaff dressed like Trinity from The Matrix and bitchslapping him to death. It really is that silly. Dialogue that would embarrass Fair City scriptwriters doesn't help. A good idea, ruined by Hollywood sensibilities.

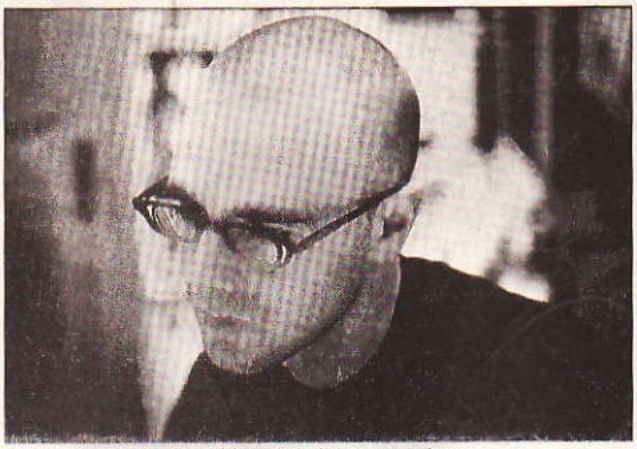
PMS was reaching unprecedented levels in the Eight Women house

THE SANTA CLAUSE 2

DIRECTOR:MICHAEL LEMBECK
STARRING: TIM ALLEN, ELIZABETH MITCHELL
RELEASED: 29 NOVEMBER

This sequel to the 1994 cash cow is as good a place to start as any if you want to ease yourself into the hot-tub of Christmas spirit - it's packed full of decadent snowscapes, and warm gooey sentimentality. Tim Allen again plays Santa but all is not well at the North Pole. For one, his spraycan-toting runt of a son, Charlie (Eric Lloyd), has found himself on this years 'Naughty' list for tagging the school gym. Worse, his loyal elves have examined his contract and discovered another Santa Clause, the Mrs Clause. Basically, the old duffers got two weeks to get married or his job's on the line. Instead of going straight to the back pages of the Sunday World to buy a Ghanian hussy desperate to avoid deportation, he aims for Charlie's foxy teacher Carol (Elizabeth Mitchell) instead and, of course, gets her in the end. At times Tim Allen hasn't got the full on fat guy appeal of a John Goodman or Candy to really convince as Santa - he's more like a pie-eating Eric Idle - but this is not a film to be analysed too hard. Just sit back and enjoy the sleigh-ride.

Albums



Richie Hawtin in the midst of his Ibiza comedown

FUTUREGROOVE COMPILATION
MIXED BY DESERT

According to some Muzik magazine rentaquote twat this mix CD "will make you frug". Whatever the fuck that means, one thing is clear: going by this album, progressive house is in a bad state. Almost every track contained here is a soulless and overproduced turd (their website boasts how they used "ALL the studio effects - EQ, phasing, reverb , the works") and the compilation itself is directionless, overlong and very boring. You'll get lots of fussy toms, reverbed boomy kicks and things panning around really quickly just to piss you off. All this studio wizardry is attempting and failing to conceal a fundamental lack of musicality, and it ends up sounding like the music off Turrican 3 on the Amiga 500. Even a devout prog fan could not keep a straight face while insisting that this is any good, when the reality is that it as about as much fun as gargling a period. A complete waste of money.

THE SOUND OF THE THIRD SEASON
MIXED BY RICHIE HAWTIN & SVEN VATH
MUTE RECORDS

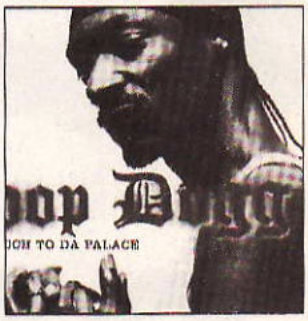
Another mix CD on offer here, but this one is actually quite good (see Futuregroove for some prog shit). Mixed by techno veterans Sven Vath and Richie Hawtin, it's based around their experiences running Cocoon@Amnesia in Ibeefa last summer. Five of the 21 tracks consist of a minute or two of background noise and conversational snippets from locations like the restaurant where the lads eat their dinner, which is irritating. Apart from that, though, this is a well-crafted offering with some cracking tunes. The first half is solid club techno which climbs to a moderately banging finale. While it won't set the world alight, highlights include Pontapé by Renate Cohen and a Marco Carola remix of one of Vath's own productions. The better second half is in more of an experimental electro/house vein. It's supposed to reflect their after parties which they claim took place on some 'secluded beach'. Memorable tracks include the Hacker's remix of Shari Vari, Blood Angels by John Starlight (which is a classic), and interesting offerings from labels like Swayzak, Playhouse and Kompakt.

THE LAST SOUND
B'LOCKS
FRONT END SYNTHETICS

The music on offer here is firmly rooted in the field of electronica pioneered by the Warp and Rephlex labels and few music fans, electronic or otherwise, will have escaped exposure to at least some of their artists, (most notably the Aphex Twin and Squarepusher). While this is in no way a bad release in itself, what we're offered is largely derivative of the work of such artists. Very little is unpleasant to listen to, but nonetheless there is no reason to pick this up rather than anything by a more established artist. The whole production has the feel of being recorded in a cathedral, with an atmosphere reminiscent of Aphex's I Care Because You Do, and some of the happier numbers have, variously, guitars, steel drums and synthesiser washes that would be quite at home in a Plaid production. They also should owe Orbital royalties for the synthesiser line on the ninth track - it sounds like a remix of Forever. The whole album slides by in a sea of heard-it-all-before and the memory fades quickly leaving little trace. Irish label Front End Synthetics are to be applauded for their support of local electronic music, but the standard will need to improve if their releases are to really compete.

CHEQUERBOARD
GOTHICA
REVERB RECORDS

The second Irish electronica release featured here this month, Gothica can be viewed in much the same way to B'locks: it's a fairly decent release which nonetheless is not going to change the world. Chequerboard's approach to making music notably involves delicate guitar playing alongside the old Apple Mac emitting ambient noises and beats, and this gives his album a quite distinctive sound. The two standout numbers (9 and 13) are good, and while the rest of the album has a nice lush sheen, bringing to mind labels such as Defocus and Leaf, some of the tracks can be a bit unstructured and often don't stand up to repeated listening. A competent release, but there is definitely room for improvement.



SNOOP DOGGY DOGG
FROM THA CHUUUCH TO DA PALACE
PRIORITY

Snoop Dogg returns with a big, Neptunes-produced single which trades the g-funk that he became synomous with in the 90s for a harder hitting sound. The catchy sample on which From tha Chuuuch to tha Palace revolves quickley runs out of steam, and Snoop's rapping is too anaemic, particularly by comparison to his earlier work to save the whole thing from becoming very monotonous. While he never had much more to say other than the usual 'I will smoke blunts, fuck bitches and shoot anyone that I feel has not shown me adequate respect' line, he usually said it with a musical delivery and fluid style which marked him out from the gangsta clones. On this single however, he seems a bit lost and you get the impression he might be better fucking off to make more porn films.

Single of the Century

MELATON - STILL WATER EP
SONY

Here to dispel the notion that their brand of insipid indie rock is so mediocre you couldn't give it away is Melaton's Still Water EP, which is available free through their website "in homage to the online fans who have given them so much support over the year." The sheer non-descript banality of this EP renders a conventional blow-by-blow account of how it pans out nigh on impossible. The first three tracks (The Burning Bush, Still Water and Flow) are produced by Richard Rainey. The last track is a version of Daylight, from their last EP, 'remixed' (i.e. endowed with some shitty Enya-esque atmospherics and made a full agonising minute longer) by Oisin Lunny a.k.a. Firstborn. It sounds a lot like Starsailor (NOT a recommendation) except that amid the wailing and 'brooding' guitar work there is not a single line or a melody that sticks in the mind after upwards of half a dozen listens.

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